JANUARY 5 1946 10c

Liberty

JANUARY

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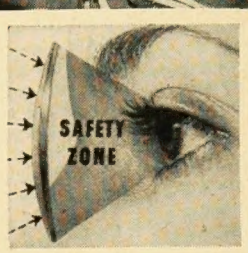

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

THREE-WAY CREATION

BALA-CYNWYD, PA. — REQUEST PUBLISHED RETRACTION OF INACCURATE ARTICLE BY DICK CALKINS (NOVEMBER 17). PHIL NOWLAN WAS CREATOR AND AUTHOR OF BUCK ROGERS FROM 1929 UNTIL HIS DEATH 1940.—MRS. PHIL NOWLAN.

GLEN ELLYN, ILL.—I'm sorry not to have mentioned my former collaborator and script writer of Buck Rogers, the late Phil Nowlan, but the article was not intended as a history of the strip—merely as a discussion of what is happening *today*. The creation was really a three-way stretch. Phil Nowlan had written a story, Armageddon, which appeared in Amazing Stories in 1928. He asked John Dille if the Syndicate would be interested in making a strip out of it. The story dealt with the future; the hero was named Tony Rogers. We changed the first name to Buck, and I drew up the characters, designed the pistols, rocket ships, etc. Nowlan wrote the script, Dille edited it, and often rewrote it with my help. I took over the writing sometime before 1940 and have been doing it ever since.—*Dick Calkins.*

REVERSE KICK

KEENE, N. H.—I get a big kick out of doing Ted Shane's crossword puzzles, but in the November 17 issue, the kick is in reverse.

I challenge you to find one instance where they burned a witch in Salem, Massachusetts. They hanged 'em.—*Mrs. James E. McCullough.*

They got the same results, though.—VOX POP EDITOR.

FOR THE RECORD

DENVER, COLO.—You made a beautiful spread of my article, Champs of the Bit (November 17). But you failed to give a credit line to the man who took those swell pictures of the horses—L. W. Van Vleet. If you can, please set the record straight by letting your readers know where those pictures came from. — *Henry W. Hough.*

COAL VS. COTTON

EL PASO, TEXAS.—I can't see why we want to make stockings and underwear and things out of coal and other such items, as A. D. Rathbone, IV, predicts in Threads of the Future (November 24). Cotton

grows again and again and again, while coal, when it's gone, is just gone.

Maybe we're speculating on atomic energy a-coming, but that's like counting the chicken before it hatches.—*Ignor Rauci.*

FAVORITE RECONVERSION

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—I must tell you how much I like the way you place your stories now—one after the other instead of scattering them through the articles and features.

It's one of the best innovations in your reconverted October 27 issue.—*Dorothy Ahlness.*

GET RID OF THE CAUSE

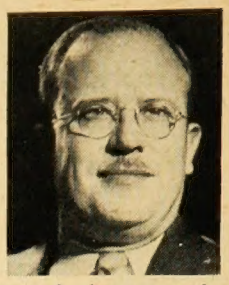
PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I read with interest Paul Hunter's editorial, The Rivalry of Power (November 17). in which he says: "It is impossible properly to administer a country divided into zones, especially if each occupying power acts in accordance with its own interests."

That's a perfect description of trusts and cartels fighting for profits. The United States is internally what the world power situation is externally. Why not admit the cause of war, which is private enterprise?

Everything on earth, including the rivalry for power, is an effect of a cause. The only way to get rid of an effect is by the removal of the cause. There is no other way. There will be war as long as there is private enterprise. World collectivism will end war. Nothing short of that.—*John Slavens.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

RADIO ENGINEER

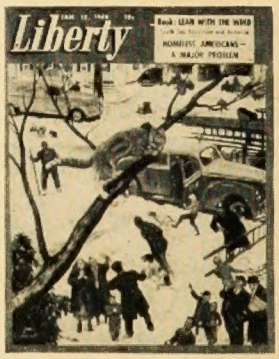


DR. J. A. HUTCHESON got an early start in radio. Before he was twelve he built his own crystal sets, and later his hobby paid his way through the University of North Dakota. Armed with a B.S. degree in 1926, he joined forces with Westinghouse, and worked his way up in the radio engineering department to become associate director of the research laboratories there in 1943. He speaks with authority in CAN WE TAME THE ATOM BOMB? for he played a key role in its discovery. He collaborated to perfect the electromagnetic process of extracting U-235 used at Oak Ridge, and, as a member of the OSRD's radiation committee, he helped develop the radar gun and proximity fuse.

THE ART OF DECEIVING

LEAVING the University of Wisconsin in 1936, Brooklynite Maurice Zolotow got his first taste of Broadway reporting for The Billboard, a theatrical trade paper. After a stint with the New York Times and King Features Syndicate, he took a fling at press-agenting, handling such performers as strip-teaseuse Margie Hart, Tommy Dorsey, Carol Bruce, and Count Basie; then settled into free-lance writing. SUAVE DECEIVER, which appears in this week's issue, is right up his alley. He's an amateur magician himself—got interested when he started work on a novel (to come out next spring) about a sleight-of-hand artist.

NEXT WEEK



SO YOU WANT TO RENT? Well, getting a house these days is like a game of musical chairs—there just aren't enough. And this year we're facing the greatest shortage in history. Stacy V. Jones explains why. . . . Once as mum as the proverbial oyster, Joe Louis has doctored his personality with doses of showmanship. John Hohenberg tells you HOW HE SLAYS 'EM—WITH WISECRACKS. . . . BERMUDA IS READY AGAIN, says Larry Nixon, and if you think a tropic paradise is beyond your reach, here's the eye-opener that will make you change your mind. . . . Book your passage with the Durand family and enjoy one of the most refreshing literary journeys of the year in Liberty's Book Condensation, LEAN WITH THE WIND, by Earl Schenck.

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THERE NEVER WAS ANOTHER LIKE KITTY—with her satin skin and melting mouth. Kitty with the lithe body of a wildcat . . . the tongue of a teamster . . . the greed of a girl of the streets. Kitty — the saucy strumpet of Half-Moon Alley who became the Duchess all England talked about.

Accept this sensational best-seller FREE, to introduce you to The Fiction Book Club. Discover why Hollywood selected "KITTY" as the book of the year — for one of its most lavish movies starring Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland.

Mail coupon now—and then follow Kitty's amazing adventures as she moves from slumtown to the silks of high society. Be with Kitty as she poses for Gainsborough and first fell in love with his famous portrait "The Blue Boy"—It was the most bewitching face Kitty had ever seen and she was to find no peace until she met the grown-up "Blue Boy" in person!

What a Story! What a Woman!

No wonder the "Chicago Sun" says: "Every so often another portrait is added to that fictional gallery of minxes which includes Carmen, Becky Sharpe and Scarlett O'Hara. 'Kitty' is the latest comer to this wanton company and she bids fair to hold her own with the glamorous lot of them."

What were the secret scandals that kept Kitty from marrying the "Blue Boy" of her dreams?

These two men ruled her life..

First there was her rakish lover, Sir Hugh Marcy, who taught her there was nothing but a few yards of silk and a man's will between a great lady and a street urchin. Then there was Brett Harwood, who taught her there was a greater happiness—the true love only sacrifice could buy!

...Scandals that began when dashing Sir Hugh Marcy brought home a rough-and-ragged Kitty — taught her to dress, to speak, to act like a lady, and launched a career that was to be the talk of England. "A girl like you could get anything she wanted," devil-may-care Hugh murmured. And Kitty took his advice. With his help, Kitty married wealthy Jonathan Buttall, who never made a purchase without exacting every penny's worth . . . but who didn't live long enough to collect from Kitty. After Jonathan's violent end, Kitty kept right on climbing . . . became the wife of a doting old Duke . . . who gave Kitty his fortune . . . but his most cherished dream, the birth of an heir, was too much for his old heart. His sudden passing left her free for Brett—the "Blue Boy" of her dreams who'd haunted her every adventure. But when Brett, Lord of Montford, finally offered her his hand in marriage, could Kitty accept? She had riches . . . she had power . . . but could she pay the price for the only man she ever loved?

You'll thrill to the way Kitty comes to grips with destiny and applaud her courageous decision as this stirring novel swells to its glorious romantic conclusion. You've never read a book like "KITTY" . . . and "KITTY" is yours FREE when you join The Fiction Book Club. But hurry! Mail coupon now!

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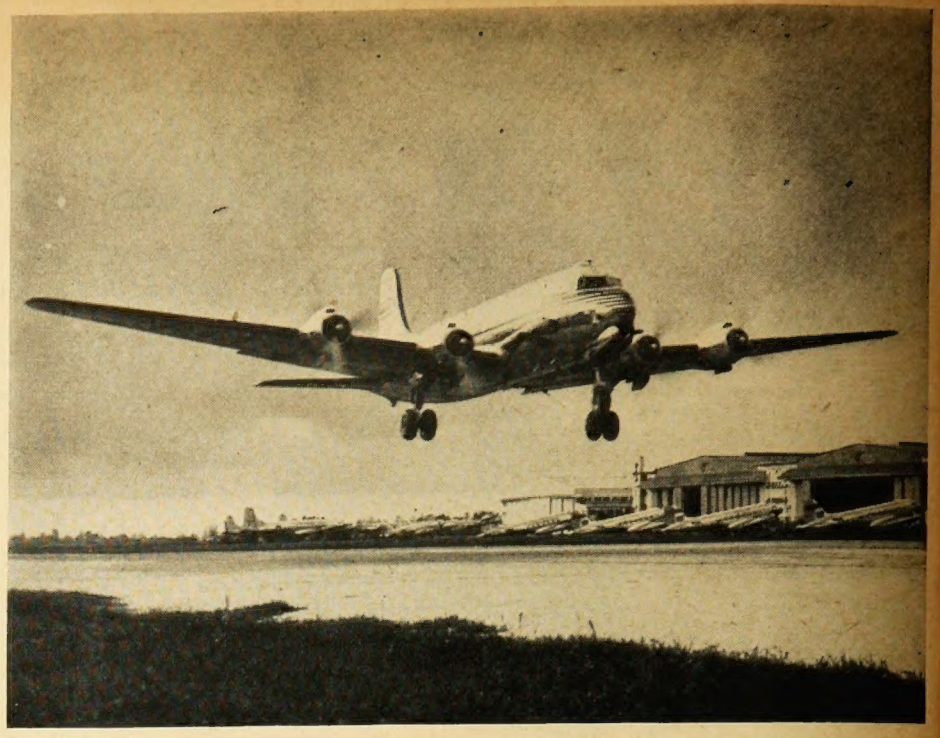

In a Skymaster like this, flight over Europe is a real thrill, Mr. Parrish reports. This giant DC-4 Clipper is taking off from Pan American Field in Miami, Fla.

ON THE BEAM

Cologne still inert, Vienna cold, hungry—and Rome, two hours away by air, full of life. . . . Will air transport harmonize Europe?

BY WAYNE PARRISH

A FEW weeks ago I participated in a pioneering American flight over part of Europe. Many American military airplanes have flown over the route, of course, but this was the official survey flight of a four-engined Douglas Skymaster by Pan American World Airways under contract to the Air Transport Command.

The skipper was none other than Captain Hugh Gordon, a Georgian who was born in Athens (U. S. A.), but thinks Savannah is the world's finest city. Gordon is chief pilot for the Africa-Orient Division of Pan American and supervises 170 flight crews. He was assigned the job of surveying PAA's new military transport route from the United States to Paris, Brussels, Prague, Vienna, Rome, Athens, Ankara, and Calcutta. On board were a number of old-time experts from PAA, among them R. D. Charles, one of the company's top maintenance men with sixteen years of background of air-transport pioneering in Latin America.

IT is a real thrill to fly over Europe in a Skymaster, for the cruising speed is a good forty miles an hour more than that of the customary twin-engined C-47 which the Army uses mostly in Europe. I joined the crew in Paris and left it at Rome.

From Paris to Brussels is less than an hour. From Brussels to Prague, capital of Czechoslovakia, is about two and one half hours. From there to Vienna is about forty-five minutes, and from Vienna to Rome is just two hours flat.

Having seen the bombed city of Cologne in July, I was intensely interested in flying over it again three months later. Americans who have never experienced bombing still have no conception—and can't have without seeing the consequences—of what it means to have a large city bombed to paralysis. The only difference between the Cologne of July and the Cologne of October was that the trees had turned from green to brown and were diffused with the over-all mellowness of the ruins in the autumn sun. There was very little traffic or movement in the streets. Cologne is almost as much of a ghost city as it was. The job of rebuilding is colossal. There are few places to live. Of all of the bombed cities of Germany, a revisit confirms my view that Cologne is the most impressive from the air.

Prague is hustling. Little damaged physically by the war, the Czechs are trying to get their economy in order, but food and clothing are still very scarce. The airport northeast of the city is one of the best in Europe, and the airport terminal building faced with white tile puts to shame many airports in the United States. Certainly it puts in the shade the Chicago Airport which is so very inadequate for today's needs. But the real feature of Prague Airport today is the Russians, who are there in numbers and do considerable flying between Prague and Russia. The airport buildings are run down, but they will be in good shape within a few months.

Vienna is a city little visited so far by Americans except those who are headquartered there. The inner city was heavily bombed, and my own estimate would be that about one out of every five shops is open. There is little to buy, food is acutely short, there is no fuel for heating, and the two and a half million Viennese are enduring a very cold and bitter winter in which many will die from lack of proper care. Those in the United States who think the war is over, and that a war ends when the last shot is fired, are engaging in wishful thinking. To a large part of Europe the real problems of war began when the last shot was fired. Vienna is a case in point. Air power contributed much to Vienna's fall to the Russians, and the Russians have conceded that American bombing aided greatly in their taking the city quickly.

One could write a great deal about Vienna, for it is a grim place with a difficult future. Any idea that Vienna is gay—is again the "alt Wien" of romance—is about as wrong as the idea that the Danube River is blue. The Russians were still stripping the country when we were there, loading cattle, household goods, telephones, and any sort of usable equipment onto barges on the Danube. It is difficult for any country to recover when its essentials of livelihood are being taken away week after week and month upon month. Vienna is not one of the places in which I'd like to spend the winter.

FROM rainy, cold and grim Vienna, it is a startling transition to fly in less than an hour to the Adriatic with its brilliant sunshine and arid, sparsely populated islands, and on in another hour to bustling Rome with its summer noises, dust, and carefree atmosphere. Perhaps faster and better air transportation in Europe will aid in peaceful relations among the countries. It is difficult to tell, but the quick transits have a tendency to subordinate minor nationalistic differences. They tend to make Europe a whole in more than just geographic sense.

But one realizes that maybe this is daydreaming when one thinks of Europe's troubled existence for centuries past.

To give another idea of European travel time by air, the flight from Rome to Paris on an ATC Skymaster, operated by TWA on the Cairo-Washington route, required just four hours on the dot—a distance of 800 miles.

By train this was a prewar trip of almost two days and a night.

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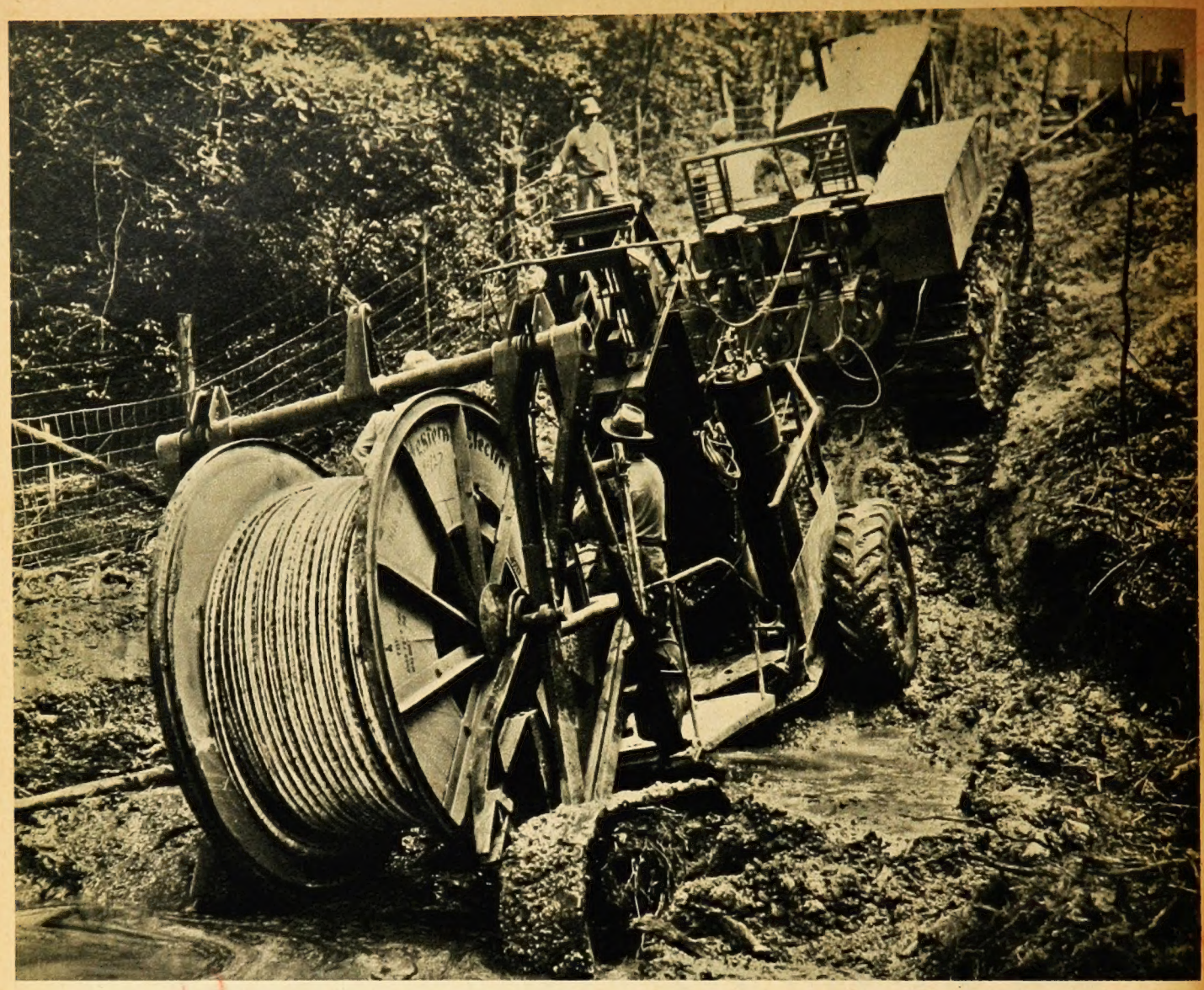

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THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

There's little to protect any U.S. city from Nagasaki's grim fate.

Can We Tame the Atom Bomb?

By J. A. HUTCHESON, Sc. D.
Associate director, Westinghouse Research Laboratories

Atomic energy can wipe out poverty or destroy the human race. It's up to us. What is the answer? One of the scientists who worked on the atom-bomb project offers some provocative views, but warns we've got to hurry

AS one of the men who worked on the atomic bomb project, I am concerned about the possibilities of its future use. My duties gave me a bird's-eye view of its many phases and helped me to understand better than most the nature of the frightful force we have unleashed.

What we did cut short the war. The bomb that killed 60,000 Japanese in Hiroshima unquestionably saved the lives of several times that number of American boys.

However, now that we've unchained the atom, we must face the possibility of its being used against the United States.

This isn't just a new explosive. It's a whole new dimension of power. Something that never before existed. It's the most terrible, and at the same time the most wonderful, tool ever placed in mortal hands. With it we can touch the stars—or pry open the gates of hell. We can wipe out poverty—or abolish the human race.

The choice is up to us. But we've got to hurry! Within five years at the most, other nations will have possession of the process, and the era of atomic warfare will have dawned.

What is almost more frightening than the bomb itself is the complacency of most Americans in the face of this new danger. They can't seem to realize that isolation is dead; that henceforth, to be safe, America has got to know what's going on everywhere in the world.

The military axiom of a defense for every offense breaks down with this new weapon. Reports that we have a super-secret answer to the atomic bomb are nonsense. Such reports lull the public into a feeling of false security that we can't afford. The horrifying truth is that, so far, a defense against the atomic bomb has us stumped.

Chemical defenses are valueless against an explosive that's beyond the realm of chemistry. A fragile hope is that we could shoot down a few of the missiles, explode them prematurely, or deflect them from

(*Continued on page 62*)

Suave Deceiver

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

LIBERTY PHOTOGRAPH BY O. F. HESS

ONE of the most troubled souls during the cigarette shortage was a slim Welsh magician named Cardini. As the climax of his act he plucks endless quantities of cigarettes from the air with the greatest of ease. These cigarettes appear unlighted, fully lighted, and burned to the butt. Cardini seems as befuddled as his audiences by the way the cigarettes keep popping between his lips or fingers. As fast as he hurls one away, another can be seen in his mouth. Finally he winds up puffing a cigar. All the while the orchestra is playing Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

Cardini conjures up forty cigarettes at every show. Five shows at Radio City Music Hall and doubling at a night club meant more than a carton a day. And there was no governmental agency—he tried them all—which could take care of his professional problem. Things got so tough early in 1945, his wife bought a cigarette-making machine, and Cardini, who receives as much as $3,500 a week for yanking cigarettes out of the air, was rolling his own.

The source of supply was vexing enough, but what annoyed him more were the wits who kept asking, "How about saying a coupla magic words and getting a pack for me?"

Since 1926, when Cardini, a veteran of World War I, first performed without his rabbits and his doves, his boxes and cabinets and trick tables, he has revolutionized both the science and the art of hocus-pocus. He can carry all his apparatus in one pocket: a pack of playing cards, some cigarettes, and four wooden billiard balls. When vaudeville passed out in 1931 and took to the night clubs, it was found that old-fashioned magic acts did not do well in the intimate atmosphere. However, Cardini fitted perfectly into the picture.

Since then he's become perhaps the most imitated performer in any category during the past decade. When he recently played at a Manhattan supper club, magicians—both amateur and professional—within a 500-mile radius came to watch him.

"Cardini's technical dexterity is flawless," recently remarked Walter B. Gibson, editor of the Conjurors' Magazine. "But that isn't what floors magicians. They come to admire his misdirection."

Misdirection—a word magicians use as loosely as bureaucrats use the word directive—is difficult to define. Fundamentally it consists of weaving a fictional pattern of words and mood, of gesture and bodily movement, so that the audience temporarily suspends its disbelief in witchcraft and demonology. Misdirection, by means of adroit suggestion and sheer prevarication, compels the spectators to ignore the obvious acts of the magician and to be dominated by an unreal process of thinking as they follow the steps of the trick until the dénouement catches them by surprise. Outside of conjuring circles, Adolf Hitler was the most successful misdirector in recent years.

Cardini is not a man who gloats when he has managed to hocus the spectators. Women, who usually look bored when they're asked to "take a card," are spellbound when he fans fifty-two cards into strange designs of red and black.

All of which helps make Cardini the highest paid night-club magician. He appears at such swanky *boîtes* as the Empire Room in Chicago, the Boston Latin Quarter, New York's Biltmore Roof, the Troika in Washington, the Colony Club in Palm Beach, and the Hollywood Club in Galveston.

His cigarettes and playing cards are invisible to about 80 per cent of the spectators when he plays in the huge Radio City Music Hall. But the rhythm and the balanced formality of his movements are so persuasive that his act is one of the most popular there. According to Fulton Oursler, writer, editor, and an amateur magician, Cardini is basically a superb actor. "What he does," says Oursler, "is to play a confused dumb Britisher—a Wodehouse character. As a pantomimist, Cardini ranks close to Chaplin."

The triumph of Cardini's career is especially significant now, because as a psychoneurotic casualty of the last war he spent three years in a mental hospital being treated for shell shock. He worked at sleight of hand as a personal form of occupational therapy and pulled his personality together in so doing. His experience is an encouraging example to the veterans of this war who suffer from the aftereffects of combat fatigue, the current label for shell shock.

Cardini was born Richard Valentine Pitchford in 1895 in Mumbles, a village near Swansea in south Wales. His father was a violinist in a vaudeville house; his mother ran a "digs," a theatrical boardinghouse for troupers. When Richard was eight he would go swimming with several other young ruffians who taught him to smoke. That was when he accidentally hit upon the trick of "tonguing" a lighted cigarette. "Tonguing" is the art of temporarily secreting a burning cigarette in the mouth and flicking it out at will. (Today Cardini can simultaneously "tongue" eight lighted cigarettes.) Young Pitchford startled his friends by diving into the river and then appearing with a lighted butt between his lips.

In his youth he was, at various times, a butcher's apprentice, a bellboy, a marker in a billiard room, and, later, a pool shark who played village champions for small prizes.

Even the bird draws aces when Cardini deals. Daughter Carole is the critic.

A trick of fate gave Cardini one of the greatest bagfuls of magic in the business, and now Broadway's chronicler of odd characters lets you in on a few of the secrets of a magician's life—how, for example, Cardini plucked cigarettes out of thin air when they couldn't be had any place else

The president of the Magicians' Guild conjures up his own props down cellar.

IT was a traveling salesman who showed Pitchford the principles of card prestidigitation. Some time before that, Howard Thurston had made a splash as the first magician to base an act entirely around card manipulations. Thurston also was the first to do the back-and-front palm with five cards. Fascinated by the art, Pitchford began practicing.

In 1914, upon the outbreak of war, he volunteered and was assigned to the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, under Lord Kitchener. During lulls in the fighting he practiced the back-palm in a trench near Ypres.

The weather that autumn was chilly, and while practicing, Private Pitchford wore gloves. He had read that Houdini produced the cards one at a time; but when he did it, the cards came out in threes and fours. An officer remarked, "Jolly good, Pitchford. Never seen them do it with gloves on and coming out in bunches. Others can't produce more than one at a time." Pitchford dimly suspected he had stumbled onto something unique. He still wears

(Continued on page 76)

ACME PHOTO

Originally, his brotherhood was an insurance fraternity.

Idol of Young America and aristocrat of organized labor.

The Big Four of

The railroad brotherhoods, rugged individualists of the labor unions, keep their business to themselves. But a tie-up of the rail lines is everybody's business, and so we ought to know who they are and how they operate

THE men who run the railroad trains are the aristocrats of organized labor in America. The High Iron is heavy with romantic tradition and railroad men are belligerently proud of being railroad men. So it is only natural that their four big unions should have kept aloof from the rest of labor, having no truck with either the American Federation of Labor or the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

The four big unions consist of the men who actually operate the trains. (There are, in addition, seventeen other railway unions, but they are ground crews, so to speak: signalmen and switchmen, shop mechanics and the like. However, their activities do not come within the scope of this article.) The big four are the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, the Order of Railway Conductors, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen; B.L.E., B.R.T., O.R.C., and B. of L.F.&E. respectively. They all date from the period that followed the Civil War. They began as fraternal brotherhoods after the manner of the Moose and the Elks, and not as labor unions. Mutual benefits and insurance were their concern rather than wage disputes.

The history of railroading has been a fantastic patchwork of great cour-

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Thousands of railroad men trust this quartet: from left, H. W. Fraser (O.R.C.); T. C. Cashen (Switchmen); H. C. Heiss, counsel; and D. B. Robertson of the L.F.&E.

KEYSTONE PHOTO

Trainmen, 211,000 strong, form the biggest brotherhood.

KEYSTONE PHOTO

Strife ahead? Count the Firemen and Enginemen solidly in.

the High Iron

BY MORRIS MARKEY

age and scandalous greed in high places. Toward the turn of the century, the skulduggery of Wall Street in the Jay Gould tradition and the milking off of railroad capital and profits brought most of the nation's rail lines to the point of bankruptcy. The physical equipment was allowed to deteriorate to such an extent that riding a passenger train was a perilous undertaking. And the operation of these rattletraps was about the most hazardous occupation a man could choose. In 1890, for example, 369 railroad men were killed and 7,842 injured *while coupling and uncoupling cars alone*, to say nothing of the hundreds killed or crippled in road wrecks.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Their 289,000 loyal followers make them the Big Two of the Big Four. Left to right: Presidents A. F. Whitney of the B.R.T. and Alvanley Johnston of the B.L.E.

It was to be expected that such a situation would lead to a united protest from the men who had to run these trains. And at the beginning, the four fraternal brotherhoods, who were the obvious nuclei for energetic labor unions, were concerned only with reasonable safeguards against sudden death.

Today, the power which these brotherhoods wield can hardly be overestimated. True, they have never called a full strike, but their occasional suggestions that they can stop all rail traffic whenever they decide it is necessary, are enough to bring dismay to the country.

Two points should be made clear. (1) The chief business of the railroads is to haul freight—[illegible] machinery, fuel, and clothing, etc.—not to operate passenger trains, which are only an adjunct to the business. (2) The railroads are a quasi-public institution. That is, they do not possess a free competitive enterprise, with the customary shopping around for the best bargain in freight or passenger service. Rates and fares and methods of operation are fixed upon a noncompetitive basis by the Interstate Commerce Commission. If you want to ride from New York to Chi-

(Continued on page 74)

HIGH GUY

By BOB DEINDORFER and HY TURKIN

"Sorry, bud, but you're too big and clumsy for college basketball," they told George Mikan. But Coach Ray Meyer believes good things come in big packages. Anyone who's seen George lately will know the coach was right

ALL eyes went up as the big bespectacled brown-haired boy heaved the basketball. It missed both the basket and the backboard. A minute later his first pass sailed over a teammate's head. Finally he tripped and fell while attempting to recover a rebound.

Thus did George Mikan—destined to become the "greatest center in the history of basketball"—fail miserably in his first collegiate basketball trial. The sky-high schoolboy from Joliet, Illinois, was spending his 1941 Christmas holiday at Notre Dame, where he had hoped to enroll and play with the Irish court squad.

The late George Keogan, head coach at Notre Dame, gave him the bad news: "You're a bit too clumsy for college basketball. You've got the spirit, but you're too awkward for fast play, and your size is against your improvement."

His dreams of playing for Notre Dame shattered, George nodded dumbly. But one man there didn't agree with the verdict. He was assistant coach Ray Meyer, a stubby fellow whose own lack of height had kept him from even greater stardom than he achieved in his three years on the Irish varsity.

Meyer always had coveted extra height, and perhaps this made him hypersensitive to Mikan's potentialities, despite the high guy's poor play that day. However, Meyer couldn't overrule the head coach. So Mikan went home to Joliet.

Mikan's father couldn't understand it. "Around here you're the champion at everything," he reminded George. "You're the best sand-lot pitcher in town, you're the star of the Quigley Seminary basketball team, you were the marbles champion of Will County, you're—"

"Aw, dad!"

Mikan felt too miserable to face another court tryout at a "name" school, so he signed up for De Paul —and destiny.

At De Paul another man faced a doubtful basketball future. The change from an assistant coach at Notre Dame to head professor of courtology at the Chicago school had

DAILY NEWS PHOTOS

Mikan romped to fifteen records in the 1945 Invitations. Here he's outjumping Bowling Green's Otten, 6—11½.

Jumping George almost palms the trophy presented by Fordham's Jack Coffey.

boosted his prestige. But what kind of basketball talent would he have?

It was Ray Meyer, who had watched Mikan flop at N. D. His face glowed as Mikan, still awkward and tanglefooted, showed up at the first spring practice.

Recalling his own prediction that Mikan could develop into a high-scoring star, Meyer now realized that it was up to him to prove it. When the other players returned to their books after two weeks of preliminary drilling, Meyer invited Mikan to spend a little more time on the court.

Nothing could keep Mikan from those extracurricular workouts, and the sight of "Mutt" Meyer and "Jeff" Mikan leaving the gym around suppertime each night soon became a familiar one to De Paul students.

Those students didn't know that a historic operation was taking place. The patient entered the clinic with only two assets—six feet nine inches of height and a "heart" to match. Meyer's method was two-phased. One stage consisted of training in the plays in which tall centers specialize. Meyer lobbed the ball over the basket and made Mikan tap in rebounds. Then he'd guard "Big Mike" on pivot plays and make him whirl for hook shots dozens of times without let-up.

But the second stage was calculatedly radical. It led a physical-training instructor to ask Meyer, "What are you trying to make of him, a heavyweight boxing champion?"

To develop lithe legs, Mikan skipped rope twenty minutes a day and wore out a dozen ropes that first year. To train his hands for timing, speed, and power, he shadow-boxed and punched the bag. To raise his leaping peak, he concentrated on high jumping. To build stamina, he jogged around the gym. And to strengthen shoulder and stomach muscles, he did push-ups, bending drills, and chinning on a bar. Everything but basketball!

First results of these exercises found Mikan winning the school's field-day high-jump championship. His mark of six feet two inches would have been good enough to have scored in the last National A. A. U. track and field championships.

Meanwhile he continued to improve his court co-ordination and finally developed into one of the smoothest and strongest giants in sports history, worthy of ranking with the late Al Blozis. Besides his other skills, the 230-pound Mikan shoots golf in the low eighties and is a sand-lot strike-out king. His performances as a shut-out pitcher have been so good that he has received league offers from the Cubs, Dodgers, White Sox, and Indians.

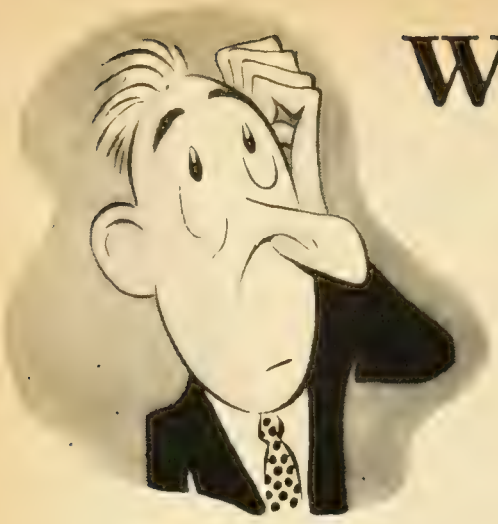
DESPITE Mikan's great development, he languished on the bench when De Paul trotted out for its opening game of that 1942-43 season. "Dr." Meyer had to inoculate him against the poison of overconfidence. Mikan probably guessed he was the best center on the squad, and his teammates knew it, but Meyer purposely kept him on the side lines for most of the first few games, to stoke him to a determined heat.

Gradually he worked into the line-up. But once the game was over it was back to the old grind: skip rope, punch the bag, pivots, lay-ups, etc. To these old stand-bys Meyer occasionally added new tricks designed to improve Mikan's dribbling, feeding, and shooting. As each trick was learned, it was tested in the next Blue Demon game. And as the various shots became smoother and more deceptive, Mikan began to move up in the scoring department.

Finally Meyer could deny no longer that Mikan was his first-

(*Continued on page 65*)

Coach Ray Meyer and 160 inches of Mikan. Little Leo at left



What Do You Know About 1945?

BY TED SHANE

1. (*a*) When was the official V-E Day? (*b*) V-J Day? (Surprising how you forgot, isn't it?)

2. (*a*) Who sold whom to whom for how much, and was said to have won what for them? (*b*) What ball club has signed the first Negro player to organized baseball?

3. These names made news. Why? (*a*) Count Bernadotte; (*b*) "Doc" Blanchard; (*c*) Eva Braun; (*d*) William O'Dwyer; (*e*) Glenn Davis.

4. History was made by the Big Mo and a Little Red Schoolhouse. How?

5. (*a*) Who said, "I have a terrific headache!"? (*b*) "I don't want to be President. There's no future in it"? (*c*) "This is the pay-off"?

6. Vaporization, fission, cyclotron, and the New Mexican desert ushered in a new era. Explain.

7. Whose life was saved by the very blood he had but recently been so eager to shed?

8. (*a*) Who won the Kentucky Derby? (*b*) The Preakness? (*c*) The U. S. Men's Tennis Singles? (*d*) The Women's? (*e*) Who was last in the major-league baseball races? (*f*) Where did Brooklyn wind up?

9. What haberdasher made good in a big way?

10. What was the Dread Scott Decision?

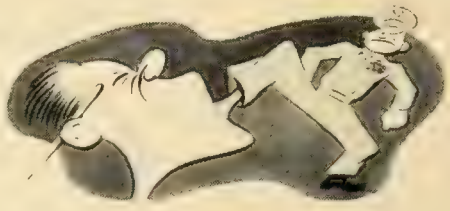
11. Several prominent citizens left us. Identify: (*a*) A Heel hung by the heels in a public square; (*b*) a Wholesale Butcher who took poison; (*c*) an Oily Politician who was tried after he had already been sentenced to death; (*d*) and a Bum Painter who died in the world's largest junk pile.

12. What nonflying pedestrian's airplane suddenly became obsolete on November 1?

13. After saying he contemplated no changes, Truman made whom (*a*) Secretary of Labor? (*b*) Agriculture? (*c*) War? (*d*) State? (*e*) Treasury?

14. In the world of cultural culture: (*a*) What novel got the Pulitzer Prize? (*b*) What play? (*c*) What screen actress the Academy Award? (*d*) What screen actor?

15. What American reporter opened his mouth very wide and put Eisenhower's foot in it?



16. A notorious American addressed a fellow American as "Dear Dago." Name him.

17. Explain these phrases that were common: (*a*) Greenberg's on third. (*b*) Eager beaver. (*c*) No Deal Party. (*d*) Shooting Star. (*e*) Zaibatsu.

18. Who was Joe Rosenthal?

19. There were shiftings in the World of Romance. Pair the pairers and the unpairers:

Judy Garland	W. P. Chrysler, Jr.
UNO	Tenderleaf Tea
England	Gloria di Cicco
Stokowski	Argentina
Fred Allen	Vincente Minnelli
Jean Outland	Belgium
Shirley Temple	John Agar
Leopold	Socialism
Cary Grant	Barbara Hutton

20. What would you say was the Most Fantastic Accident of the Year?

21. (*a*) What radio comics had the highest 1945 rating? (*b*) What quiz program? (*c*) Which dramatic program? (*d*) What news commentator?

22. Once described by Churchill as having snarled at Chamberlain with all the ferocity of a piece of lettuce facing a rabbit, who provided the No. 1 Upset of the Year?

23. What ex-warriors will declare war in June for $3,000,000?

24. What happened in the constellation Aquila that in any less eventful year would have made a fairish headline?

25. Who got the Nobel Peace Prize for '45?

26. Name the idol of the younger set who was said to be so weak, every time he pulled the plug in his bathtub he'd have to battle the current.

27. A dog made headlines. Name him.

28. With what member of the United Nations did Britain sign an armistice on January 11?

29. (*a*) Who was named American representative to the San Francisco Conference? (*b*) What is the UNO?

30. Explain Operation Coronet.

(Answers will be found on page 50)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

NEW PROTECTORATE IN PARIS—And it's no little responsibility, judging from Claude Blanche's expression as he shepherds a neighbor off to nursery school. Their bags hold bread and chocolate, the latter rationed exclusively for children in France.

A QUEEN GOES BACKSTAGE—To "Japanese" like these, Queen Elizabeth does not have the slightest objection: they are nurses and medical students at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, whose performance of The Mikado was enjoyed by the royal family.

INTERNATIONAL

STREAMLINED LANDING GEAR—As revealed by [illegible] McDonald (Hollywood calls her The Body), it's one r[illegible] why airports attract so much traffic. The bauble? It's newest fashion whimsy, a cameo-studded black velvet [illegible]

CHAUCERIAN CHURCHMAN—The Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, might easily have stepped out of Canterbury Tales to visit Gotham's Mayor LaGuardia. Different, aren't they?

PRESS ASSOCIATION

SUPPLE THESPIANS—Producer Ben Hecht, casting h[illegible] Spectre of the Rose, needed ballet stars who could a[illegible] Viola Essen and Ivan Kirov look ready for a rugged r[illegible]

PATTERN OF USELESSNESS—Grounded white elephants, these are some of the 4,200 heavy bombers assembled at an RFC depot in Arkansas. Their future? Just scrap metal

PORTABLE POWERHOUSE!—One husky man can lug this 145-pound jet engine which Westinghouse developed for Navy "buzzless buzzbombs." It turns up 34,000 r.p.m., but it may yet be used to drive the propellers of private planes.

INTERNATIONAL

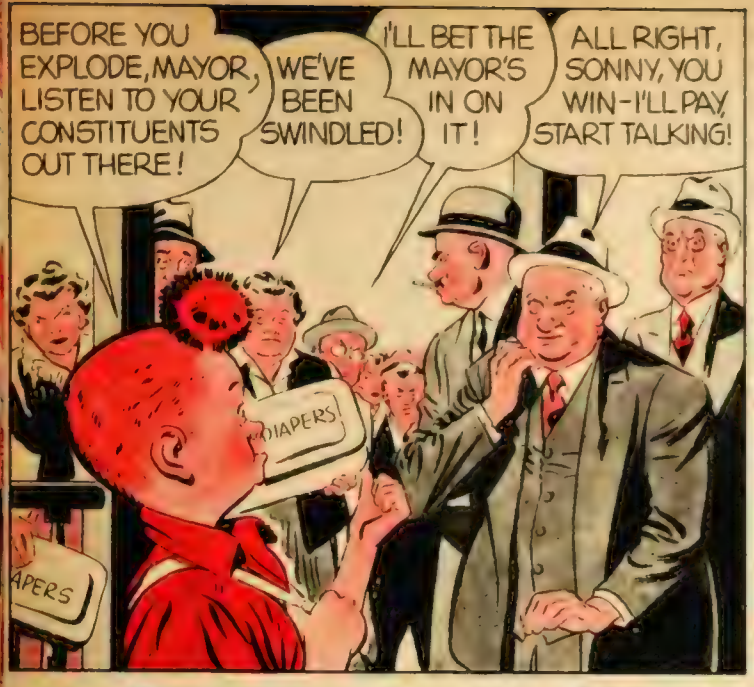
BOBBY-SOXERS!—Little differences sometimes arise while Frank Sinatra fans await the arrival of their hero. New Yorkers staged this hair-pull.

IT DIDN'T BOUNCE—Alfred Kuhn won this out-sized rubber check on the Detect and Collect radio show. The Morgan bank, stretching a point, cashed it.

THE THROPP FAMILY

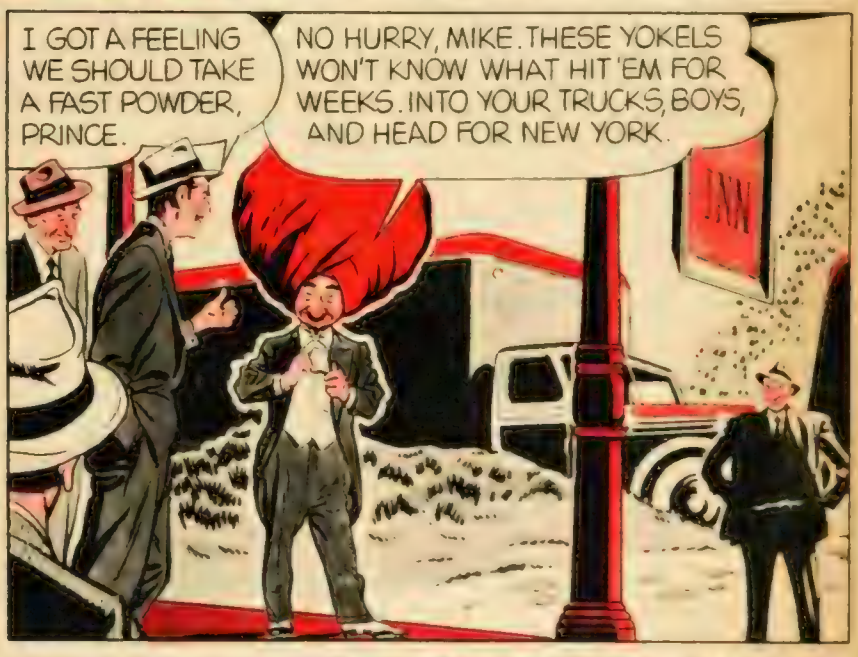
Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

WHAT'S THE STAMPEDE ABOUT?
EVERYBODY BOUGHT DIAPERS TO SELL THAT HINDU PRINCE. HE AIN'T HERE TO BUY 'EM!
YOU SAY THE PRINCE IS GONE? WHERE? I'VE GOT 15,000 DIAPERS FOR HIM!
THE LITTLE POTENTATE LEFT NO FORWARDING ADDRESS.
LOOK! HERE COMES THE MAYOR
DIAPERS
QUIMBY, THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON. THE PRINCE HAS LEFT!
I STILL DON'T TRUST THESE THROPPS.
BUTTON YOUR BICUSPIDS, FLAT-HEAD, OR I WON'T SOLVE YOUR CASE FOR YOU.
SPEAK UP, SONNY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
TELL THE MEN WHAT YOU KNOW, OZZIE?
EASY, PATER. MY INFORMATION SHOULD BE WORTH A SMALL SLICE OF LUCRE—SHOULDN'T IT, HIPPLEBY?
LUCRE? HOW MUCH AND WHAT FOR, YOU LITTLE JUVENILE DELINQUENT?
MAKE ME AN OFFER BEFORE YOUR ARTERIES HARDEN, TYCOON. I CAN SAVE YOU A NET LOSS OF $15,000.
I'LL PAY YOU $1,000!
$1,000! SPEAK UP, OSWALD!
YOUR FEE IS SUFFICIENT. I EXPECT THE SAME FROM MAYOR QUIMBY, OF COURSE - A PALTRY SUM FOR SAVING HIS PORCINE FACE!
YOU YOUNG ROBBER!
JAIL YOU FO
BLACKMA
FIR


BEFORE YOU EXPLODE, MAYOR, LISTEN TO YOUR CONSTITUENTS OUT THERE!
WE'VE BEEN SWINDLED!
I'LL BET THE MAYOR'S IN ON IT!
ALL RIGHT, SONNY, YOU WIN - I'LL PAY, START TALKING!
DIAPERS
APERS

WHERE ARE WE GOING?
HOW MANY POLICE CARS, SONNY?
WE'LL NEED THREE SQUAD CARS, FINNEGAN. HEAD FOR THE TURNPIKE INN AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSEPOWER!

WHAT WAS THE TAKE, PRINCE?
OVER TWENTY GRAND. NOT BAD FOR A LOAD OF DOUBLE TALK, EH, BOYS?
AIN'T IT TIME WE SCRAMMED OUT OF HERE, BOSS?


I GOT A FEELING WE SHOULD TAKE A FAST POWDER, PRINCE.
NO HURRY, MIKE. THESE YOKELS WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM FOR WEEKS. INTO YOUR TRUCKS, BOYS, AND HEAD FOR NEW YORK.
INN

Continued next week

"But, darling," Jeff said, "I couldn't waste time *eating*. I'll have to live on these hours the rest of the war."

Rendezvous with Annie

BY MARY LOOS
AND RICHARD SALE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. P. COUSE

Corporal Dolan became a papa—yet all Woodville knew he'd been overseas for two and a half years. But there was lots Woodville didn't know, and Dolan meant to prove it if it took the whole British Empire to help him. Which it did!

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

"I WISH," Jeffrey Dolan said to himself sadly, "I was dead."

He didn't say it very loudly, although it wouldn't have made any difference. He was and had been alone in the prison cell ever since four that afternoon when the Little Flower's Cossacks had tossed him in. The only guy he had seen since was the turnkey, who had caught him eying the window bars a little too grimly, and had promptly taken his belt away.

"Damn saboteur," said the turnkey, not unkindly, because Jeffrey Dolan did not look like a damn saboteur at all. "You'll live for the F. B. I., brother. Why did you try to assassinate him?"

"Assassinate?" Jeff whispered. He dropped his head in his hands. "Assassinate whom?"

"Sir Archibald Yates, no less. He's one of the biggest British Ministers! He ain't been in town but one day from London and you try to put the slug on him. He was on *our* side. And I see by your lapel that you're a vet!"

Jeff shuddered, his face still buried in his hands.

That had been hours before. How many, he didn't know. And now there were footsteps outside the cell block. They stopped at his cell door. A voice said skeptically, "Well, well. If it isn't the problem of the returning soldier!"

Jeff sat up and looked. He squinted.

The man was tall, thin, and bright, with the mouth of a cynic and the careless attitude of a shrewd pundit.

"You remember me," he said, as if it were a joke. "The pencil pusher from the United Press. My name is Morgan. Al Morgan. I'm not supposed to be here, but the screw owes me a favor. Are you going to talk, Dolan?" Morgan lighted a cigarette and then tossed the pack through the bars.

"I'm finished talking," Jeff said. "Nobody wants to hear me talk. Nobody wants to hear the truth. Not even my wife."

"Don't give me that stuff," Al Morgan said sharply, "or I'll blow out of here. I'm asking to hear the full story. If I believe it, I'll publish it. And if I publish it, I'll get you out of this can before you can say Serutan sideways."

"All right," Jeff gulped, hope beginning to bud in him. "I'll tell you everything. Right from the beginning. It's kind of—hard to—believe—"

"You're telling me," said Al Morgan. He smiled hard. "Go on, Dolan. Sell it to me. It starts—"

"—in London," Jeff whispered. He cleared his throat. "During the buzz-bomb blitz."

"Ah," murmured Morgan sardonically. "A hero."

"No," Jeff said quickly. "Not a hero. I knew that I was never cut out to be a hero."

What he meant was that he was just Corporal Jeffrey Dolan of the Quartermaster Corps, United States Army. When Screaming Nellie, the air-raid siren, raised her wobbly voice stridently across the Thames and warned London that sudden death was on the wing, Jeff Dolan would run—not walk—for the nearest exit, and go whipping down the streets of London for his favorite (and closest) air-raid shelter.

When that siren sang, he forgot that he was involved in the intricacies of payrolls for the Eighth Air Force and for the Air Transport Command pilots. And on this particular day, on the first wail of the siren, Jeff lost his interest in his job in the United States Army. He rocketed off to the shelter and sat down in his usual place, panting.

IT *was* a particular day. It was a Friday, midafternoon, and the eve of his wedding anniversary. Jeff was acutely aware of the fact. All day a sharp nostalgia had been nudging him. He was in love with a wonderful girl named Annie. The fact that she was his wife and had been his wife for these five years did not lessen the ardor. Right now, in Woodville, New Jersey, she was waiting for him, acutely aware of him as their anniversary crept across the hours of the day.

In the shelter, a fraternity had sprung up. Since this shelter was close to a government building which was shared by the British and United States armies for supply and administration details, the clan who roared into its safety during these not infrequent raids were usually the same guys.

Jeff's usual companion on the bench in the shelter was an Englishman, who sat between the corporal's chevrons on Jeff's left sleeve, and the two silver stars on a general's right shoulder. Jeff thought the guy was a nice old duffer. Tall, thin, with graying hair. He always carried a briefcase, and he had a nice air of refinement.

"GOOD AFTERNOON, corporal," the old duffer said cheerfully when Jeff bonged into his seat.

"Hi," Jeff panted. "Made it again." He uncrossed his fingers now, while remotely the earth shook and high explosive shattered the day.

"Caught me at tea," said the old duffer gravely. "Had to scuttle high tea. Worse sacrifice a soldier of the king can be called upon to make. Calls for a Victoria Cross."

"Are you a soldier?" Jeff asked, staring at the civvies.

"I was being figurative." The old duffer smiled. "I am more or less in His Majesty's service."

A bomb. Jeff shivered.

"Filched a few biscuits," said the old duffer. He pulled a handful of sweet crackers from his pocket. "Thought we might be down here awhile. Will you have some dry tea with me?"

Jeff took a biscuit.

"At home we call these crackers," Jeff said. "Biscuits are different." He sighed. "My wife, Annie, can make the best biscuits you ever—" He shuddered in ecstasy, remembering. Then he murmured, "Thanks," timidly, and ate the cracker.

"Married, eh?" said the old duffer.

"Uh-huh," Jeff said. "The most wonderful—the most beautiful girl—married five years tomorrow." He sighed again.

(Continued on page 50)

He was staring at the date line of the Woodville Star.

BY FRED GIPSON

OVER THE

Joe saw a scramble of color and heard the girl's cry of excitement as she waded in to grab for the fish.

HILL . . .

That way, over the Rio Grande, lay freedom from all the things Joe hated—the Army, the faithlessness of friends. But Joe found that there are some things from which a man cannot escape and other things from which he would not escape if he could

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

JOE CANYON made out with a cold snack for breakfast; he didn't want any telltale smoke giving him away. Then he climbed the rickety ladder and lifted the trap door leading into the attic of the shack.

Fingers of light stabbed between the weatherboards. The attic was bare, as he'd expected. But he was still willing to bet nobody had discovered the gun.

Outside, in the top of a gnarled live oak hugging the corner of the shack, a mockingbird cut loose with a morning song. Joe halted on the ladder and recollected how many times as a shirttail kid he'd awakened in the mornings to lie in bed and watch the light seep through these cracks and listen to that old mockingbird whooping it up.

A lot of other memories came crowding up fast, like G.I.s headed for a mess hall. They were the sort of recollections that make a man hungry for things that are gone. . . .

Like old Gabe Allison, when he used to holler Joe out in the mornings.

"Roll out, Joe, and come with your hocks a-rattlin'!" he'd call. "I've got it on the table!"

And he'd have it on the table, too, hot corn-meal mush, milk, butter, bacon and eggs. And Joe would lay it away till it was ready to run out of his ears, while Gabe made plans.

Sometimes it'd be a wild-hog gather or a job of doctoring wormy stock. More likely it'd be a catfish he was after, or an old brush-wild gobbler he'd spotted back in one of the canyons. There was too much boy in old Gabe for him ever to worry a lot about work. . . .

Joe shoved the thoughts aside. Time, he told himself, was too short for pawing over the bones of the past. Sure, he had a thirty-day leave and only two of those days were gone. But a man traveling at night, afoot, he might need all that time. And traveling at night, and afoot, was the only way Joe could see to pull the thing off. That is, if he wanted to play it dead certain. And he meant to. That's how come he'd quit that bus the night before at a country lane ten miles out of Sun Flat and hoofed it up here in the dark. He didn't want any of the home folks to know he'd come back.

He pulled himself up into the attic and walked across creaky boards toward the chimney at the far side. Played right, he told himself, the thing was a cinch. It was three hundred miles to where he planned to swim the Rio Grande, some of it plenty rough country. But what was that distance to a soldier who'd walked and crawled and fought his way clear into the heart of Hitler's blood-soaked Germany?

JOE could thank the military for that, all right. They'd put him through the mill. He was hard and quick and dangerous now. He knew how to get where he was going without help from any one; and he could stand the gaff. He'd travel at night and hole up in the daytime. And once on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, let them wonder what had become of the black-haired, Spanish-speaking Joe Canyon. They could search, but they'd have one hell of a time singling him out from the rest of the river *pelados* herding spotted goats among the Chihuahua hills.

They could reassemble the rest of his outfit and send them to sweat out occupation duty in the Pacific. Joe Canyon wasn't having any. Joe Canyon was sick to the marrow of his bones with Army life, Army discipline, bossy sergeants, and rank-happy second lieutenants. He'd done his part; less than a year in the Army, to be sure, but he had been grabbed from his training center to be rushed as a replacement in the Bulge, and he had had a bellyful of death. Now, lacking enough points, service, or age for discharge, he wasn't going to rot away on the Japanese islands until they got around to discharging him.

He began a slow, sullen, and silent cursing. He cursed the war that had trapped him. He cursed the folks who'd known him before he went into service, who'd be calling him a slacker, once they discovered he'd gone over the hill. And, longest of all, he cursed the Allisons, old man Curry and his son Ted, the men who'd robbed him while he was gone.

He was shaking all over when he finally fought off the rage and reached inside the cache between the floor boards and the ceiling to lift out a .22 pump rifle wrapped in old flour sacks. He needed that little quiet-speaking gun to get meat.

He unwrapped it, running his hands over the polished stock and barrel like a man searching in the dark for something he's lost. Gabe had given him that gun, and just feeling of it gave Joe back a little of the comfort and security he'd once known.

He put the gun down and reached inside the cache again, feeling for cartridges. He'd brought nearly a full carton, but a man on the dodge couldn't have too many. There'd be no more to buy where he was headed.

But it wasn't .22 cartridges his hand closed over. It was the corked butt of a casting rod. He drew it out. He couldn't take a casting rod where he was going, but he drew it out.

The reel and line were still attached; so was the crude spinner he and Gabe had made out of a wisp of guinea feathers and assorted parts of patented plugs. They'd built that lure for the special benefit of a big black bass that hung out in that quiet narrow pool below the falls.

CARRYING the rod, Joe stepped to the attic window. The sun was tipping the ridges by now, shooting long yellow bars of light into the canyon below the shack.

Joe stood there, struck by the wild beauty of the place and recollecting what a rumpus old Gabe had kicked up at the idea of buying one of them newfangled fishin' contraptions.

"Why, dang it!" Gabe had exclaimed. "You go down there waving one of them fancy store-bought poles, and you'll scare them fish till they quit the water and take to the brush."

(*Continued on page 55*)

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Let

BY SID SCHUMANN

They were having a special on fruitcake — and the customers wouldn't nibble. It took a pharmacist who knew a drug on the market when he saw one to teach a bull-headed manager that you can't have your cake and eat it

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDY BOWIE

"Oh, golly," says Miss Jones. She picks up one and smells. "I think," she says, looking up, "it has eggs in it."

IT'S not I'm a crab. It's not I'm agin managers. There's prob'ly some managers beat their wives only once a week. Maybe less'n that. Prob'ly don't even use whips. Could be. But there's guys! Now like you take the time I had this stock-clerk job in Los Angeles, right across from Westlake Park.

It's a West Coast Drugstore I'm workin' in and it has about fifty in help, includin' Donovan, the pharmacist. It's not a bad place to work. I like the job and I like the store. Come lunch hour, we had that park where you could get some sun and chew the fat with the Cosmetics girls. I'm really startin' to enjoy life when we get a new manager one morning who wears rubber soles and is called Elmer Craven.

He looks harmless, and we're watchin' him all day to see if he's gonna like us or we're gonna like him or vice versa. We notice when he wants something done he don't come straight out. That don't seem to be his way. He'll sorta ooze over and kinda go into a conference with whoever he's aimin' to talk to. "Don't you think, Mr. Taylor," he'll say—"don't you think we ought to display the gopher traps where the turkey fryers used to be?" Or he'd say, "I wonder if the rayon panties would look better in Feminine Hygiene?" He never expected but what you'd agree. We wouldn'a' minded if he'd come clean and tell us what to do.

Once a manager starts usin' psychology, you're sunk. It wasn't a month but what he had Drugs tearin' its hair, Liquor bitin' its nails, Cosmetics developin' the jerks, and a first-class underground movement brewin' in Sundries.

Anyway, our warehouse truck rolls up one morning with two huge cases of what the driver swears is lead. I finally manages to get the cases inside the store, when one of them splits. I stick my hand in and take out a square, soft, dark brown, heavy slab of somethin' wrapped in cellophane. It's got a bright-colored label on it which says: "Grandma's Old English Fruitcake, net weight 2½ lbs."

"Oh, golly," says Miss Jones from Cosmetics. She comes over, picks one up and smells it. "I think," she says, looking up— "I think it has eggs in it."

"One hundred and forty-four pieces," says the Liquor girl. "Poor

'Em Eat Fruitcake

Grandma musta stayed up all night."

From Drugs I hear, "One fruitcake—one generous bottle of rhubarb and soda, both for ninety-eight cents!"

Craven finally soft-shoes over. "Don't you think—" he starts conferencin'. But I'm way ahead of him. "You're right," I says. "We'll display eighteen cakes in each department." And I proceeds to distribute.

In a way, I guess I'm lucky I don't have to sell stuff. But even I can see, after a bit, that Grandma isn't movin' too spry. The first week Cosmetics sold one cake. The second, Feminine Hygiene sold two, but had one returned. The third week Liquor gets a four-bit deposit on one, but the customer later backs out. Craven's gettin' a bit worried. It's a "distribution" and it's no feather in his cap if he returns the lot. After all, Craven wants to be known as a "tight operator," which is the highest compliment the office can bestow on a manager who moves his merchandise fast. So he tries a new tack.

"Miss Jones," he says one morning, "don't you think it would be better *not* to remind each customer about the fruitcake, but simply pick it up after you've sold a lipstick and say casually, 'I must remember to take one of these home'? Suggestion is usually very effective—don't you think?"

Actually everybody in Number Five is tryin' to sell those fruitcakes the best and quickest way they know. In the first place, they're takin' up too much room, besides which the cellophane is startin' to crack and the cakes are beginnin' to look kinda haggard from bein' picked up casually a hundred times a day, pinched, weighed, smelled, and put down—gently but firmly.

THE guy who is maddest of all is Donovan the pharmacist, and ever since I can remember he's always squawked about the stuff they kept puttin' on his prescription counter, like turtles, bean pots, and light fuses. And now he's got these eighteen chunks of fruitcake starin' him in the face.

The thing finally comes to a head. We're takin' inventory, and we find we still got one hundred and thirty-eight cakes strewn all over the store and no relief in sight. Fact is, we mighta gotten rid of them on Fountain, but the fountain manager says no soap. "I built up too good a trade," he explains. So now Elmer comes out with his sixty-four-dollar suggestion, which is that every clerk buy two cakes at the discount price of eighty-nine cents apiece. This would reduce the stock to thirty-eight slabs, which would then be crated and consigned back to Commissary, where they came from.

So when we hear we're gonna be taxed almost two dollars—adding insult to indigestion by havin' to take home them cement patties—we're really fit to be tied. There is no good way we can get out of it—except, of course, to quit. We're mad—mad as blazes. And Donovan, is the maddest.

He comes out of his case while Craven's doin' somethin' down the cellar. "You guys buyin' them cakes?" he asks the bunch. And before we get a chance to answer, he adds, "Now, look. You can buy 'em, if you like, but promise me this."

"What?" we asks.

"Promise me you'll hold off till payday."

Payday's Saturday—just two days off—so we promise. "What are you figurin' to do?" I asks Donovan.

"I'm going to make Craven remember fruitcake as long as he lives!"

WELL, Saturday morning comes and we're all waitin' outside the store for Craven to come to open up. It's seven thirty, then eight. At eight fifteen I puts in a call. Craven ain't there, so I get the assistant, Trunnell, on the phone, and in an hour we open for business.

That was the last any of us ever saw Craven again! Monday, I wrapped up those mortician muffins and back to Commissary they went.

Well, you know about me leavin' the West Coast outfit to join the Marines, and it isn't till a year later, when I'm back with a medical discharge, and me and Miss Jones—who's been transferred to Number Fourteen—are having a quiet drink in a bar on Sunset Boulevard. We look up and who should we see but Mr. Elmer Craven, big as life.

"Hello, Mr. Craven," I says and I invites him over to our table. He greets us by our right names, which shows he remembers, and sits down. We orders and I'm sittin' there dyin'! I nudges Jones.

"Mr. Craven," she asks, "whatever happened to you down at Number Five? It's over a year and no one ever found out what became of you."

"Well, Miss Jones, it's a long story. You remember that Saturday morning I failed to open up? I became very sick during the night. In fact, I was forced to go to the hospital. They had to pump my stomach and I did feel better after that. They found nothing unusual, which was, of course, very puzzling."

"You mean you don't know what made you sick?" I asked.

"No. The peculiar part is that I cannot, since that happened, stand the smell of a drugstore. It makes me deathly uncomfortable. I've had to leave the drug busness."

I HAD an impulse I couldn't resist. "What became of Donovan?"

Craven looks at me, then at Jones and then at his drink. "Funny," he says. "Funny you should be asking me. I've often thought of Mr. Donovan. It does seem to fit in so well—and yet I could never make certain," he says.

"Certain of what?" I asks.

"That Friday," he says, leanin' closer, "I was extraordinarily busy all afternoon. Something went wrong with Mr. Donovan's register and it kept me for almost two hours before I could get it into operation again. Then there were some mistakes in his cash and we had to total the detail paper. Well, it wasn't until eight o'clock that I was able to sit down at the fountain for a bite to eat. There was nothing worth while left. Mr. Donovan took one of the fruitcakes we had on display. You remember, I suppose—"

"Yeah," we both said, "we remember."

"He had intended to buy two of them anyway and he thought he'd treat me to some of his. I had never really tasted those cakes. I ordered a malt with two eggs—I was quite hungry. I ate the fruitcake and drank the malt while Mr. Donovan rested and smoked and talked. It's quite an interesting life Mr. Donovan's led. I was so engrossed that I found I had eaten almost a whole cake." Craven sets his drink down and looks out into the street. Then he adds, "I've often wondered if it wasn't that cake that caused my illness.

"I wonder where Donovan is," says Craven later. "He was a rather fine chap."

"Yep," I says, at the same time holdin' on to Jones so she doesn't roll off her chair. "Donovan sure was a swell egg. Would you say, Craven," I adds, dead-pan, "would you say Mr. Donovan was what you'd call a tight operator?"

THE END

Jordan had a theory—it had worked with plants and now he would try it with a woman. But love, he found, and the changing seasons of a woman's heart could not be reckoned in terms of science. A tender story of a strange love more true to life than to fiction

BY E. LLOYD SHELDON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Impulsively she knelt down beside him and touched her full lips to his. "You do love me," she said.

Hybrids

DOWN there at the end of the packing-house chute, Jordan saw her hands for the first time. They were fleet and white, darting birdlike into the bin for an orange, wrapping it in tissue paper, and packing it into a shipping crate. Three quick movements that were one.

He followed the slender arms up to her breasts, full and sagging a little in a blue sweater, then to her face, so intent upon her work that he could only tell that it was young with a touch of red warming it. This one woman was strange. He turned to Perry, the manager.

"Who is she—the girl packing my fruit at the end?"

"A tramp." Jordan looked at him so oddly that the manager took it as criticism. "But the crop's runnin' heavier this year and she works so damn fast. Faster'n any woman in the California valleys."

Jordan walked down to her, her swift hands fascinating him. She looked up, near panic in her eyes, and demanded, "What do you want?"

"Nothing," he said. "That's my fruit you're packing."

Her eyes eased—and became blue. "You sorta scared me, comin' up so still," she said. There was a quick sigh, and though her hands trembled a little, they soon flew again to bin, to tissue paper, to the fast-filling box.

He grew to know her quick light movements in the weeks that followed, when they began to meet regularly in the drugstore. He had fallen easily into the habit of dropping in there for his evening meal since the packing season had ended and she had got the job as waitress. For a month, too, he had spent Sundays with her, and had been taking her home at night to the cottage where she roomed, not far from his own house. She had become the color in his life—endlessly variable, unpredictable. He had thought much about the great difference between them, and last night he had spoken of it. He had told her of his experiments with hybrids at his grove, about the studies of them he had kept up since his two years at agricultural college. Nature seemed to favor hybrids—the mating of unlikes. Nature progressed by being endlessly variant. But he had no lightness of speech, and when he came to the analogy he got a little muddled and embarrassed, even though he had thought it all out clearly.

"You funny, serious old coot," she had said, standing above him on the veranda, affectionately rumpling his hair. "You either do or you don't," and kissing him quickly on the lips, had run into the house.

She had paused at the door to smile back at him, a swift, open, instantaneous smile that broke like sunlight—just as she smiled now, laying the plate of pot roast before him. Suddenly her smile pinched strangely, and her eyes clung to the door.

JORDAN turned and saw there a good-looking chap of twenty-eight or thirty, taking off a hat and spilling the rain caught in the brim.

"Of all people to wash in with the flood!" she exclaimed. Yet her voice had no brightness in it.

Jordan saw the intruder run his hand back through his wavy black hair and, grinning, cross toward the counter where she stood. He knew the man was from some neighboring oil field. His leather jacket was splotched with oil stains.

"How are you, baby?" he said.

"*You're* askin' *me!*" she taunted. Her smile was all surface.

"I've been looking everywhere for you. Honest." His tone had sobered.

"Ayah?"

"Yeah. This morning Fred Fleck came down to Wilmington and told me he had seen you up here. You don't have to hide out in this dump any longer, Molly. It's all settled."

"I don't want to come back," she said simply.

"Who is he?" he cut in roughly.

She didn't reply for a moment. Her lips tightened. "I like it here, Ed."

"Come on, Molly," he said. His words were sharp and brittle. "I'm asking you to come back." Still silence. His words cracked: "You heard what I said. Get your hat!"

He grabbed her by the wrist. Jordan's great hand closed upon his arm and bent it back. Taken by surprise, Ed looked up at Jordan, a full head taller, saw Pop Thurman coming up on the other side. Ed grinned.

"O.K., buddy," he said, releasing himself and looking Jordan over. "You want her, you take her. No dame's worth fighting for." He paused for a last cut: "She's yours—until she passes you up, too."

Abruptly he walked out of the drugstore. Molly's hand trembled as she drew a fresh cup of coffee and placed it on the counter for Jordan.

A dozen questions frowned in Jordan's mind, but he asked none.

Later that night she suggested he take her up to his house. They couldn't talk at the boardinghouse. And rain still drew a heavy curtain over the night.

He took her into his living room. Until this moment the room had always seemed still and lonely. He had never used it much. In the fireplace were unlighted logs and fir cones. Kneeling there, he touched a match to them while she took off her damp shoes and stockings and placed them on the hearth. Still kneeling, he looked up at her. The new flames threw dancing lights on her strong slim bare legs, and a warm glow into her face and hair.

He had built his fireplace with his own hands, of stones that he had cleared from his fields. With each stone he had carried a dim faraway hope that just this thing would happen. Only, until recently, he had always thought of a quiet woman in an apron, without much color. Instead, she was here, young, vibrant.

THERE was no doubt or query in his eyes. Worship alone shone there, and she, seeing it, impulsively knelt down beside him and touched her full lips to his.

"You do love me," she said.

"Forever." The word was spoken with that odd gravity of his that always sent laughter rippling through her. When he looked at her, puzzled, she pressed her laughter against his mouth.

"It was funny," she explained as she drew back. "The way you said that. Sure like. As if there wasn't any doubt. That's because you've never been in love before. We're all sure, once. I was." She paused, smiling but serious. "I'm sure now, too—" She hesitated, her thoughts sculling back. "I don't know about forever. I can't promise, because I don't know. But I love you, Peter."

He caught her in his arms and felt her hands clasp him around the neck, small and warm and tight. They drew him down to her lips, and

(*Continued on page 70*)

Uncle Dan and the Black Pearl

Uncle Dan had a habit of showing up at the right moments—and at this moment tragedy was unfolding in the little town he loved. If there were an Uncle Dan in every hamlet, America would be a better place to live in

BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

UNCLE DAN, the great traveler, is gone on his longest journey now, the one where he doesn't need his old brown satchel, and I guess most people of Clarinda have forgotten him. But Tommy and I often talk of him. Especially on our birthdays. When he was alive, such dates never passed without Uncle Dan's wonderful present arriving from some corner of the wide world.

We thought he'd missed it one time, though, for sure. It was my fourteenth birthday. Mother and pop and Tommy and I were sitting on the front porch, watching the autumn leaves tumble. It was evening. I was thinking it was the first time I had not got even a postcard from Uncle Dan. But it was mother who spoke the thought out loud. "I never knew Uncle Dan to overlook Paul's birthday before. Where do you suppose he is this time?"

Pop snorted. "In Greenland, probably, or Timbuktu." Pop didn't think much of Uncle Dan's roaming habits or his ideas for how pop should run the Argus. "I hope to Goshen he stays there."

That was when the front door opened and Uncle Dan walked out from inside the house.

"Evening, Margaret," he said to mother. "Howdy, Arthur," to pop. "Howdy, Paul and Tommy. I came through the back gate, and found the kitchen empty, so I guessed you were all out here. Paul, it's your birthday, isn't it? Glad I'm in time."

He was a pale-eyed little man, quite wrinkled, with a friendly grin that always cheered folks up. He wore the same limp blue suit that I remembered from his last visit. It was as wrinkled as himself. He had his derby hat and his dark brown alligator satchel. His shoes slumped down about his ankles as if they'd tired out sooner than his feet. Uncle Dan was a terrific walker. He'd likely as not walked half across Asia and half the United States.

"Yes, sir, just in time," he said, real pleased.

He sat down on the top step and opened his satchel and took my present out of it. I was excited. He pulled out four big leather blobs.

"Boxing globes from San Francisco. Secondhand but genuine Levinson," explained Uncle Dan.

Mother cried, "Oh, Uncle Dan, for shame!" But I was as pleased as Uncle Dan and went around to the side lawn with Tommy to try them out. I came back quickly because Tommy had gone to the kitchen to stop his nosebleed. Uncle Dan was asking pop, "What's new in Clarinda?"

(*Cont'd on page 58*)

We were a mob. Not a crowd of boys any more, out for fun. Something had got into us. You could feel it.

The World, The Flesh *and* Father Smith

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

By
BRUCE MARSHALL

As versed in the ways of the world as he was in those of the Lord, Father Smith watched Joseph Scott grow up to become a bishop, and, with equal pride, Elvira Sarno to become a movie star. Readers of all faiths have delighted in this colorful cavalcade of Scotland as Father Smith knew it.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

As he freewheeled down the long hill, Father Smith remembered with irritation that he had promised to say a Pater, an Ave, and a Gloria daily for the conversion of Scotland. He began but gave it up before he had proceeded more than one or two clauses, because the rain was dripping down the back of his neck and because he felt that praying for the conversion of Scotland never seemed to do much good anyway, as, for all the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, Caledonia, stern and wild, continued, in 1908, to remain as Presbyterian as before.

Instead, he began to pray for the souls of all those who must die and be judged that day, one hundred and forty thousand of them, according to the statistics. Of course they wouldn't all go to hell any more than they would all go to heaven. There was purgatory, wherein the weak and the worldly were made clean, because even the best of men couldn't hope to go clod-hopping straight into God's presence after spending a lifetime talking about umbrellas and colds in the head.

"All we really know about hell is that it is a state that exists," the Bishop had once told Father Smith when they had been climbing Ben Nevis together. "But we are not bound to believe that there is anybody in it. Indeed, a Spanish priest once told me that he thought it not unlikely that the damned would be punished by being forced to practise for all eternity those very vices through whose indulgence on earth they had forfeited heaven. And sometimes, Father, when out of Christian charity and social politeness I have to listen to the conversation of worldlings, I am not sure that he wasn't right. From an unsupernatural standpoint, the chief grumble I've got against sin is that it's so boring."

The approach to the town lay through rows of long

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damp depressed streets, each so dismal that Father Smith found it both easy and difficult to understand why their inhabitants did not try to lead Christian lives: easy, because there was nothing about those streets to inspire men to the pursuit of the good and the beautiful; difficult, because the lack of inspiration should have been itself an inspiration, since it ought to have occurred to the beholders of such ugliness that life could not possibly have been intended to be so meaningless.

Past the gaunt High Kirk he sped, past the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, where all the real nobs went, on until he came to the slums and the docks, on until he came to the fruit market which had been hired out by the Town Council to the Catholics on Sundays.

At the market Father Smith bundled into his alb, flung a violet stole over his shoulders, and went to hear confessions.

"Father, I'm downright ashamed of myself and I'm sorry, but I know fine I'll do it again," an unhappy male voice came through the wire netting which the postman

had detached from a rabbit hutch and nailed over the hole on the old ticket office to do duty for a grill.

"My child, of course you know that you'll do it again, because you're relying on yourself and not on God's grace," the priest said. "Pray for God's grace, pray to Our Lady, come frequently to holy communion, and you'll be surprised at the progress you'll make."

"I'll do my best, Father, but if God kens as much about me as I ken about myself, He must ken fine I'm damned already," the voice said. "And in any case He must ken already because He's God and kens everything before it happens like."

"That, of course, is true," Father Smith said. "Almighty God knows already whether each one of us is saved or damned, but that does not alter the fact that each one of us will be saved or damned of his own free will, although God knows beforehand how we shall use our free will. It's like a man standing on a railway bridge watching an express train coming down the line and a cow crossing a field towards the line. The man knows the cow will be killed, but the cow has still the free will to turn aside and not be killed, although the man also knows that the cow is too stupid to use her free will and turn aside and not be killed. For your penance you will say one Our Father and three Hail Marys. And now make your act of contrition while I give you absolution."

"Thanks, Father. And I'll try not to forget yon bit about the cow."

The congregation stood up as Father Smith marched in to give the asperges. Down through the files of the faithful he went, with Patrick O'Shea walking in front, carrying the bucket of holy water. Railway porters, dockers, sailors, schoolmistresses, shopgirls, and servant girls all crossed themselves as the silver glistening blobs came flicking out at them. Across hats and shawls and bold bald pates the priest sprinkled the holy water, symbolically washing them from their weekday thoughts and ambitions. To the three chorus girls with hair like wood shavings Father Smith gave a special sprinkle because he thought their pale yellow faces looked so awful, and to Professor Brodie Ferguson in the third row because he thought that the metaphysician suffered from intellectual pride.

After the Mass he was happy when he was back in the sacristy and out of his vestments, because now the load of his priesting was lifted and he was able to say glad lovely Latin words in the thanksgiving. But while he was calling upon the sun and the moon, shower and dew, fire and heat to bless the Lord, the sacristan came and told him that there were two babies waiting to be baptized.

There was quite a clutter of hats and boas and new blue waistcoats and watchchains and creaky shoes round the portable font when Father Smith reached it in cotta and stole. One baby was a girl, the daughter of Paolo Sarno, the Italian ice-cream merchant, and the other was a boy, the son of James Scott, driver of the Corporation tramways. The two families readily agreed to Father Smith reading the main part of the service for both babies at once, but of course he said that he would put salt on their tongues and baptize them separately.

Before he began the service, he spoke a few words to the parents of the baby girl in Italian, because he had been trained at the Scots college in Rome and loved speaking the language. The women's dark eyes glowed and the men smiled and showed their very white teeth, because they liked the idea of their baby being baptized by a priest who knew how to speak Italian. Father Smith spoke to the tramway driver too, and pressed the Scots baby's nose twice as many times as he had pressed the Italian baby's in case they should be jealous at his having spoken so much to the other parents in a language which they didn't understand.

The baby girl whimpered as she tasted the salt, but the boy took it greedily, opening his bright blue eyes in mild surprise. Father Smith named the two infants in Christ for all eternity as he poured the water over their brows. Once again the girl whimpered, but the boy was unperturbed. Father Smith had turned his stole from the violet side to the white side as a sign that Satan and all his works and pomps had been renounced.

THE sacristan was waiting for him with a worried look when he came back to unvest.

"Father, there's an old sailor dying at Mistress Flanigan's and the auld besom's sent a laddie for to tell ye to come at once."

Tearing out of his cassock, Father Smith hurried away down on his bicycle.

He knew that Mrs. Flanigan's lodging-house in Knox Street was not all that it should be, but he had no hesitations about taking the Blessed Sacrament there, because real sinners always knew how to respect our Lord and because our Lord Himself had been in even lower dives when He had lived on earth. Mrs. Flanigan was at the door to receive him, in a fine state of sweat and nerves and holding a monster lighted candle in her hand, because she knew that the priest would be carrying the Host.

"Praise be to Jasus, you've come, Father," she said. "Faith and he's lying cursing and swearing fit to burst himself, he is and all, but I've no doubt that yon'll be pleased enough to see you when you tell him who you are."

The priest nodded and followed Mrs. Flanigan along the passage smelling of brussels sprouts and linoleum. From an open door three pretty girls in dressing gowns poked tousled heads and two of them curtsied and crossed themselves because, although they were bad girls, they didn't hate God at all. "Faith, ye trollops, and let the holy praist bay, will ye now," Mrs. Flanigan shouted at them as she pulled the door shut, because she wanted Father Smith to imagine that it was a hotel she ran.

In the bedroom where the sailor lay dying, Mrs. Flanigan had already placed a crucifix, two lighted candles, and a glass of water on the bed-table, because she always kept these things handy, since she didn't want to run any risks when the Lord called upon her to kick the bucket herself.

The sailor was a very ill sailor, and he lay on a high bed in a pair of widely striped pyjamas. Lying there with his eyes closed, his face looked not unlike the face of His

Holiness Pope Pius X, but Father Smith suspected that the thoughts which went on behind it were slightly different. When he had laid the pyx and the chrism on the linen cloth, the priest motioned to Mrs. Flanigan to leave him alone with the dying man. When she had gone, he sat down beside the bed and took the old sailor's hand in his.

"My child, I've come to hear your confession," he said.

The old sailor opened a pair of very blue eyes. They appeared to take some time to interpret the priest's presence, but when they succeeded, they grew dark and angry.

"Leave me alone, won't you," the old sailor said.

Father Smith smiled wearily. Fifteen years ago when he had been a young priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to deathbeds, protests like this had both shocked and frightened him, because it had been hard for a young priest of twenty-five with strong black hair to reconcile hoary sinners with God. But the strong black hair was peppered with grey now and he had knocked about with his Lord in all corners of the vineyard and had learned a thing or two about motives of pride and human respect.

"My son, you are dying and nobody is going to think you a fine fellow any longer for denying our Blessed Lord," he said. "The time for acquiring merit is short."

As he had expected, his words had an almost immediate effect. The hostile glare vanished from the old sailor's eyes and he turned his head away from the priest and said:

"It's true, Father. I've been all sorts of a dirty swine, but it's too late now."

"It's never too late as long as you're alive," Father Smith said. "That's just where God's mercy comes in." But did it? Mightn't it have been a bit more merciful on God's part to have set a time limit on repentance, say forty-five? There would have been no inducement for sinners to keep putting things off to the last moment then and it would have been a lot easier for priests. Father Smith smiled briefly at his own impertinence and rather imagined that God was smiling too, and then he got back to the dreary business of getting a not very original sinner to acknowledge his sloth, his stupidity, and his cowardice.

IT was obvious that the sailor had not been practising his religion for years, because he said right away that he didn't remember when he had last been to Mass or holy communion, although he had never gone to sleep without saying a Hail Mary, because out East a fellow never knew when he wouldn't wake up with his throat slit. Then he started off to tell the priest about all the women he had known in Buenos Aires and Hong Kong, and said that he had liked the women in Hong Kong best. But Father Smith said that he thought they had better go through the Commandments from the beginning and see how many he had broken, because after all it was a bigger mortal sin to have forgotten to love God all one's life than to have known tawdry Jezebels in foreign ports. The sailor said that that was quite easy and that there was no need to go through the Commandments at all, because he had broken the whole lot of them and that Father Smith was quite wrong, as the women weren't tawdry at all, especially the ones in China, who had had gold on their fingernails and worn black satin slippers with high red heels, and that now that he came to think of it he wasn't sorry for having known all these women at all, since they had all been so beautiful, and because their dresses had made such lovely sounds when they walked, and that he would like to know them again if he got the chance.

The priest said that was no way for a man to talk to God when he was dying and that the old sailor had better hurry up and be sorry for his sins if he didn't want to go to hell and lose Almighty God for ever and ever; but the old sailor said that while he was sorry for having missed the Sacraments so often and for not having loved God more, he wasn't sorry for having known all those women, because they had all been so beautiful and some of them very kind as well. In despair Father Smith asked the old sailor if he was sorry for not being sorry for having known all these women and the old sailor said that yes he was sorry for not being sorry and hoped that God would understand. Whereupon Father Smith said that he thought that perhaps God would understand, and he absolved the old sailor from his sins.

Kneeling beside the bed, the priest began to recite the prayers for the dying.

Father Smith was still praying away when the door opened and Mrs. Flanigan and two of the girls entered and knelt with him round the bed, crossing themselves mightily. "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," Father Smith began, but the stripes on the old sailor's pajamas were going too quickly up and down for him to be able to answer, so Mrs. Flanigan and the two girls had to answer for him: "Lord Jesus, receive my soul."

Although the old sailor was too ill to be able to pray, Mrs. Flanigan said that she thought that it would be a good idea if he were to hold a crucifix in his hand, so that his eyes might get accustomed to the image of his Savior before meeting Him face to face in the next world, and Father Smith said that he quite agreed. So they took the crucifix from the bed-table and pressed it into the old sailor's hands. At first he didn't seem to want to hold it, but at last he gripped it firmly and his eyes shone brightly and eagerly, and Father Smith told Mrs. Flanigan that he was sure that the old sailor was going to make a good death after all, and that he hoped it would be a lesson to them all to forsake their sins, because Almighty God didn't always grant such wonderful last-minute graces.

The stripes on the old sailor's pajamas began to go up and down more quickly and Father Smith shot out invocations at such a rate that Mrs. Flanigan and the two young ladies were unable to keep pace with him. Then the old sailor's pajamas were very still, and his face seemed to shrink away and away as though it were trying to become a baby's face again.

THE Bishop liked a sausage for lunch, and maintained that nobody in the whole diocese could cook one as well as he himself did, not even the Jesuits. Father Smith explained this tactfully to his landlady on the day that his lordship was due to lunch at the priest's lodgings, prior to accompanying him to the station to meet the Sacred Heart nuns who had been expelled from France. At first Mrs. Walsh said that she had never heard of such an idea, a holy bishop, who could consecrate and ordain, cooking his own sausage; but she gave in when the Bishop himself arrived in his worn old overcoat with the top button almost off and smiled at her out of his clear twinkling eyes so blue beneath his thatch of white hair. She said that, faith, if his lordship would allow her to sew the button on his overcoat, she would allow his lordship to cook the sausage. So they all went into the kitchen together, and Mrs. Walsh sat down and sewed the button tight on his lordship's overcoat and the bishop stood over the frying pan and explained to them both that the reason most people didn't cook sausages properly was that they forgot to keep turning them around.

The Bishop was forty-seven years old and he had been a bishop for the past three years, because the Pope liked having young bishops in that part of Scotland, where the parishes were scattered and separated by sea, mountain, and loch. The Bishop liked Father Smith and Father Smith liked the Bishop, but they did not often meet.

They had decided to take a tram to the station because the diocesan funds wouldn't run to cabs both ways, and anyway, it was a different matter ordering cabs for holy nuns, but our Lord was fully justified in expecting hale and hearty priests to travel less luxuriously.

When their tram came swaying along, Father Smith was pleased to find that it was James Scott who was the conductor and he introduced him to the Bishop.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Canon O'Duffy, administrator of the pro-Cathedral, was already on the platform when they arrived at the station.

The nuns were travelling third-class and at the very end of the train, next the guard's van. Monsignor O'Duffy, as he grunted along to meet them, said that he had noticed that nuns always travelled in the back of trains, and Father Smith said that was perhaps because they were so mindful of our Lord's saying that the last in this world should be the first in the next.

There were eight nuns in all and they stood with the wind blowing pretty pillows of pattern into their habits while Reverend Mother introduced herself and them. Two or three of the nuns were young, with such lovely

rosy cheeks and strong white teeth and bright blue eyes that Father Smith wondered why on earth the French had wanted to get rid of them, because they must have looked so lovely walking along old cobbled streets.

THEIR taxicab drew up in front of the house which the nuns had had bought for them and which they were later going to convert into a school. Father Bonnyboat, who had been entrusted by the Bishop with the purchase of the new convent, was on the doorstep to greet them. He held in his hand a parrot in a cage, which he presented to Reverend Mother with a stiff little bow, explaining that he had had the bird for five years and that it could say both *"Dominus vobiscum"* and *"per omnia saecula saeculorum."* Reverend Mother seemed rather embarrassed by the gift, and for a moment or two Father Smith was afraid that she was going to say that the rule of her order forbade herself or her nuns to keep parrots however holy their cluckings, but in the end she thanked Father Bonnyboat prettily enough, and then they all went in to tea.

As soon as tea was over, they went into the chapel, which Father Bonnyboat had installed in the old billiard room. The Bishop had blessed the billiard room quite thoroughly, saying that he thought this specially necessary, because the house had previously belonged to a chartered accountant.

When Father Bonnyboat stood up to preach, the Bishop was afraid that the priest was going to yell out the customary rant which he kept for big occasions, "My dear brethren in Jesus Christ, none of you will ever wake up in heaven wondering how on earth you've got there," because such a sermon would not have been kind to the nuns, who had every reason to hope for salvation. Instead, the priest preached a sensible little sermon on sanctity. When Father Bonnyboat had finished, Monsignor O'Duffy began to play the organ and the Bishop, Father Smith, and Father Bonnyboat went out to vest for Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It was beginning to get dark when, as deacon, Father Smith took the Host out of the tabernacle, and the only lights in the chapel were the candles on the altar which glowed like stars. In the tender smudge of darkness the nuns knelt and sang lovely words so that even Monsignor O'Duffy's chunk of face looked holy as it hung like a raw red moon above the keys of the harmonium.

FOR quite a few years now Father Smith had always gone on Saint Andrew's Day to say a prayer in the High Kirk, because the church had once been Catholic and he thought that Saint Andrew might like things better that way.

There was no one in the church except himself, because Protestants did not seem to use their churches on weekdays like Catholics, dropping in to say a wee prayer to our Lord between buying the cabbages and seeing about the sultana cake.

The minister himself was standing in the porch when Father Smith came out of the church. He was the Very Reverend Doctor James Gillespie, D.D. Father Smith always felt humble when he met Doctor Gillespie, because the minister always wore such smart black tail coats and was invited by the municipality to the opening of electric power stations and waterworks when even his lordship the Bishop was left out. To his surprise, however, the minister took off his glossy top hat as soon as he saw him and smiled most pleasantly. "I'm very glad indeed to see you, Father Smith," he said.

As they walked down the street together, Doctor Gillespie said that it was braver of him to be seen abroad with Father Smith than it was of Father Smith to be seen abroad with him, because nobody would think that there was any chance of his converting Father Smith. Father Smith asked the minister whether the remark was intended as a compliment or an insult and they both laughed, happy that they could unite in mirth if not in prayer.

IT was in 1910 that the first cinema came to the town. Paolo Sarno took a chance on things and converted the old bus stables next his ice-cream shop, which was bang opposite the site on which Father Smith had already built the skeleton of his new tin church. The priest could see the advertisements from his presbytery window. They changed twice a week too, on Mondays and Thursdays; but the advertisement saying that afternoon tea would be served free of charge to patrons between three and four was always the same.

The canons of the chapter of the pro-Cathedral were perturbed because weekday attendances at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament began to fall off and the evening devotions in the month of May were performed only by the elderly, and even some of them hadn't been above popping in for an hour's Vitagraph and a wee free tea during the holy season of Lent when they thought none of the priests was looking.

IT was decided, therefore, to send a deputation to attend a performance. Monsignor O'Duffy said that, if the members of the chapter didn't mind, he intended to go himself, as there was no cleric in the diocese who knew more about wickedness than he did, and that he would take his old friends the Reverend Fathers Bonnyboat and Smith with him, because it wouldn't be fair on Signor Sarno to be letting only austere and wise canons have a peek at his new-fangled toboggan slide down to the depths of the nethermost pit.

Paolo Sarno seemed to have heard of their intended visit, for he was there in the vestibule to greet them. Father Smith wondered why he hadn't come right out into the street, because that would have been even more polite, but Father Bonnyboat said that he mightn't have heard of their intended visit at all and that it was just by chance that he was standing there, and Monsignor O'Duffy said it was only because he couldn't very well have let them pay for themselves through yon wee hole in the wall into the lassie's face if he had come right out on the pavement, ha, ha.

"Buon giorno, reverendissimi signori," Sarno greeted, "You coma to see my show. Very good, very elevating, very pious. The reverendi fathers coma this way."

The reverendi fathers came this way, carrying their inverted black hats in front of their faces like soup-plates. On the screen was being shown a blue river meandering along beneath green bridges and an old mouldering church or two, which didn't seem to Father Smith very wicked, because the old mouldering churches were almost certainly Catholic churches, and a piano was playing away most politely.

The same thought must have struck Father Bonnyboat, for he said across Father Smith to Monsignor O'Duffy, "Nothing very irreverent about that, Monsignor."

"Just you wait till we get to the acting," Monsignor O'Duffy said. "They tell me it's worse than yon machines you turn the handles on and look down on piers." He brought his ear very close to Father Smith's and whispered: "Tights. Tell him," he said.

But before Father Smith could pass this information on to Father Bonnyboat, a hat with a large pin stuck through it in the row in front of them turned round and said, "Sssh," and Father Smith was left to wonder in silence how Monsignor O'Duffy knew so much about what was inside the machines you looked down and turned the handles on, on piers. Then the piano suddenly stopped playing and the green bridges and the mouldering old churches went on for a moment or two and then they stopped, too, and the lights went up.

"Most edifying, really," Father Bonnyboat said.

"Just you wait, I tell you," Monsignor O'Duffy said.

The lights went down again. This time the film was about a convict in prison. The convict wore a uniform striped broadly like a football jersey, and at first Father Smith was very sorry for him, because he seemed to be so miserable. But then the convict escaped and ran around a lot of street corners and the policemen ran round a lot of street corners after him, but the convict always managed to escape. When Father Smith laughed, he knew he wasn't doing anything wrong, because he could hear Monsignor O'Duffy and Father Bonnyboat laughing, too.

Then the convict ran along a beach, and there were a lot of pretty girls in bathing dresses eating chocolates on the sand, and the convict ran in among them and upset the chocolates, and Father Smith was wondering what Mon-

signor O'Duffy was going to say about the bathing dresses, but up on the screen the policeman and the convict and the pretty girls were throwing tarts and pies at one another's faces and Monsignor O'Duffy was laughing. The pie-throwing didn't seem very funny to Father Smith and it didn't appear to strike Father Bonnyboat as very funny either, but Monsignor O'Duffy laughed enough for both of them.

"Yon fellow's a right comic and no mistake," he said as he sat wiping the tears from his eyes. Then he caught sight of a pretty waitress in a black frock and frisk of apron coming up the gangway. "Hi, lassie, what about yon free tea?" he asked.

"It'll be served during *Death or Dishonour*, sir," she said.

And served during *Death or Dishonour* their tea was, just as the Sheriff's speech was flashed across the screen: "Boys, I kinda reckon there's been dirty work at Red Gulch."

Ned Tranter had captured the Sheriff's pretty daughter, lassoing her while she was saying her prayers by her bedside and riding off with her on his horse to his mountain fastness. "Ned Tranter," she said to him in a great paragraph through her gag, "you may starve me, beat me, flay me, but never shall I consent to befoul God's great gift of love by becoming the mother of your children."

The three priests clapped with the rest of the audience, and Father Bonnyboat said that he hadn't seen anything so edifying for a very long time indeed, and Monsignor O'Duffy said that he was never afraid to confess when he was wrong and that it looked very much as though he had been wrong in what he had said about the cinema, and that if the remainder of the programme contained no unpleasant surprises, he would have to make amends to Signor Sarno by buying tickets for all the members of Saint Vincent de Paul Society.

There was, however, no remainder of the programme, for, as soon as the lights were lowered, the blue river and the green bridges and the mouldering old churches started all over again, with the piano going tra-la-la-la-la and all. Father Bonnyboat said that he supposed that they really ought to be going, but Monsignor O'Duffy said that that was all nonsense and that "continuous performance" meant that folks could stay in as long as they liked and that he was going to see yon bit again where they threw pies at one another. Even when, at the end of the blue river and the mouldering churches, they flashed an orange notice on the screen, "PATRONS WHO HAVE SEEN THE FULL PROGRAMME ONCE ARE REQUESTED TO VACATE THEIR SEATS IN FAVOUR OF THOSE WAITING FOR ADMISSION," even then he still held out, maintaining that it wasn't as though he were trying to get served with an extra free tea, but only that he wanted to see them fling yon pies again. But when he had seen them flinging the pies, he found that he wanted to see them setting out to round up Ned Tranter again as well, so they all stayed to the end of *Death or Dishonour* and tried not to think that the spectators standing up in the passage were staring at them.

"Of course, it's just a craze and it'll no last," Monsignor O'Duffy said when they stood outside again on the unenchanted pavement. They all took off their hats, saluting the priesthood that was in one another, and went back to their churches, because it was the first Thursday of the month and they had confessions to hear.

AT the convent the nuns had hung the parrot which Father Bonnyboat had given them in one of the classrooms, because they thought that it would be elevating for the pupils to hear a parrot that made holy noises, especially as such birds weren't reputed to be pious.

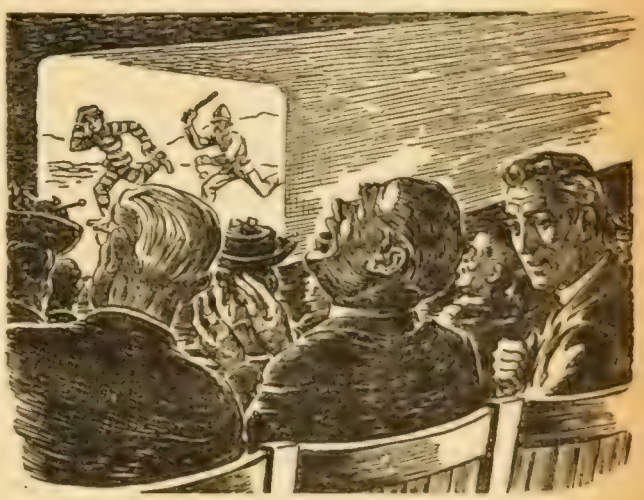
Father Smith said Mass at the convent on Sundays and Tuesdays and Thursdays and Monsignor O'Duffy and Father Bonnyboat said it on the other days of the week, but Father Smith was the only priest who went there to teach catechism, because he loved the nuns even more than the others did, and he liked talking to young children about God as well.

There were both boys and girls in the class to which Father Smith taught catechism in 1913, because, although the school was really a girls' school, the nuns taught small boys as well until they were seven. Elvira Sarno and Joseph Scott were both in the class. The Sarnos and the Scotts had had other children since, but Father Smith remembered Elvira and Joseph especially because he had baptized them both together on a rainy Sunday morning in 1908.

"What is sin?" he asked the rows of round, round faces.

"Sin is an offense against God by any thought, word, deed, or omission against the law of God," the round faces chanted back.

"Very good," the priest praised; and then suddenly he knew that it wasn't very good at all, because the children didn't understand what they were saying any more than the parrot did when he said, "*Dominus vobiscum.*" Sadly he thought of all the children down the ages and through the climes to which the church had taught their catechism and of how much wickedness there was still in the world, because wisdom had been learned only by rote and not hammered in with sharp words like new nails. Closing his penny catechism, Father Smith resolved that,



however often the Message had been mocked and mauled, the children who now sat in front of him should understand and obey for ever.

"There is just one thing I want you all to remember and I want you to remember it all the rest of your lives," he said. "It is what you learn in this classroom that matters most and will always matter. God sent you into the world to save your souls, and nothing else is important. When you are bigger, wicked men and women will perhaps try to make you believe that this is not so and that all that matters is to grow rich and powerful and be honoured by your fellow men. This is not so. Remember always that God does not see as the world sees, and that a dirty ragged tramp with the grace of God in his soul is infinitely more lovely and beautiful in our Lord's sight than any sinful monarch in his palace. People may try to tell you that religion is only for church and Sundays and that it is foolish to try to be a saint; they will be wrong: as this world and its pleasures will pass away, it is foolish not to try to be a saint. The toffee you tasted yesterday won't give you any pleasure tomorrow, but it may make you sick. Sin is like that; it is only pain and not pleasure which it will give you in the next world."

He caught sight of Joseph Scott tugging Elvira Sarno's hair. "Joseph, what was the last word I said?" he asked.

"Please, Father, 'original sin and actual sin,' " the boy answered.

"Please, Father, I know," another boy said. "You were talking about what toffee would taste like in purgatory."

The boys in the class were too young to laugh at this answer, but Father Smith saw that Reverend Mother was standing by the door and that she was laughing. Feeling slightly foolish, Father Smith left the dais and walked with Reverend Mother along the cool corridors of the convent out onto the green lawn at the back where Mother de la Tour was watering the flowers.

Father Smith had lots of holy relations in high places in the Church. They were all very pious and had very blue-

blooded notions about loving our Lord and drinking soup out of their spoons sideways. Father Smith always felt very common and ordinary when he met them. He felt common and ordinary now as he walked in the garden with Reverend Mother, not because she was a superior and he was only a humble priest, but because she had caught him trying to be cleverer than the holy men who had compiled the catechism.

"I'm afraid that you may have thought me a little foolish, speaking to the children like that just now," he said. "But I am convinced of one thing: unless we all try to be greatly good we shall all be terribly bad, and it is by the practice of goodness alone that men will be saved from the material and spiritual consequences of this age of the machine."

"Perhaps you are a little right, *Monsieur l'abbé*," Reverend Mother said. "Sometimes I, too, feel that there is a great calamity in store for the world."

ON God's clock it was the Feast of Saints Perpetua and Felicity, Martyrs, 1914, when Lady Ippecacuanha went snooping into Father Smith's new tin church to see how the building of the sanctuary was getting on. In her Donegal tweed costume and golf brogues and with her monocle like a half-crown in her eyes, she clacked up the aisle and entered a front pew, where she knelt with well-bred arrogance, for, although she was a suffragette and had set fire to the bookstall at Kincairn's Junction, she was a religious woman and believed that God was in most places, even in Roman Catholic churches.

The sacristan came out from putting fresh flowers on the Lady altar and saw her kneeling there. Mistaking her, by reason of her monocle, for a man, he came up from behind and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Take off your hat in the hoose o' God," he commanded.

With a jerk of her head Lady Ippecacuanha turned her full frosty face and red hair upon him.

"Can't you see that I'm a woman?" she asked.

"Mormon or no Mormon, take off your hat in the hoose o' God," the sacristan commanded.

IN the presbytery Father Smith was sitting reading the *Catholic Trumpet*. He was not able to read it for long, however, for the front-door bell rang loudly and Lady Ippecacuanha came marching in.

"Father Smith, I must ask you to dismiss that rude verger of yours immediately," she said, as flaming as her red, red hair.

Father Smith had met Lady Ippecacuanha twice in his life before: once when he had called at Glenclachan to thank her and Sir Dugald for their generous contribution towards his new church; and once at a non-sectarian charity concert where she had sung "Have You Ever Seen an Oyster Walk Upstairs?" and knocked a flower pot over into the orchestra.

"Perhaps if you were to tell me exactly what the matter is," he suggested.

Lady Ippecacuanha told him. Observing a twinkle in the priest's eye as she spoke, she concluded:

"I can see that you are amused, Father Smith; I am not amused, and I do not think that my husband will be amused, either. I must say that I am rather surprised at your attitude, because, in spite of the fact that you are a Roman Catholic clergyman, you have always impressed me as being a gentleman and not at all like some of your colleagues, that dreadful man Monsignor O'Duffy, for instance."

"My dear Lady Ippecacuanha," Father Smith began, praying quickly to God to help him because he *had* been amused and because Lady Ippecacuanha and Sir Dugald had each given a hundred pounds towards the building of his new church, "my dear Lady Ippecacuanha, I am sorry indeed if my sense of the grotesque has run away with me. For it is as grotesque that you should be mistaken for a Mormon as myself for a prizefighter, and I think that I should pardon you a smile, Lady Ippecacuanha, if I were indeed to be mistaken for a prizefighter. I cannot, however, dismiss my sacristan for such a misunderstanding, because he, after all, was only doing his duty. And Roman Catholic clergymen are all God's gentlemen, Lady Ippecacuanha, in that they fulfil Cardinal Newman's definition of the term, as never wittingly wishing to do hurt to anyone. Monsignor O'Duffy may not see eye to eye with you and me on certain points of social etiquette, but he never smokes his pipe in God's drawing-room, which is a much more important matter. He has a big free heart and he loves our Lord with the simplicity of a little child."

He did not look at Lady Ippecacuanha until he had finished making this speech, and when he did look, he was surprised to see that her eyes were full of tears and that her prominent big yellow teeth were sticking right out of her mouth like piano keys. "I am sorry, Lady Ippecacuanha," he said. "I assure you that I had no idea. . ."

"There is nothing whatever to be sorry about, Father Smith," she said, smiling through her tears as she dabbed at them with a mighty handkerchief. "I am a wicked, proud, vain, arrogant woman and I thank you for a most efficient lesson in humility." She thrust out a great paw at him, and Father Smith, feeling rather foolish, shook it.

As they stood on the top of the steps at the entrance to the presbytery, a surge of ragged scruffy children came screeching and scampering up the street from the parish school. Some of them were barefooted and some were dirty and some of them had jammy rings round their mouths, but those of the boys who had caps on took them off as they passed the church. Seeing the involuntary expression of distaste sweep over Lady Ippecacuanha's rocky well-bred face and knowing that she was going to feel humble again a second afterwards, Father Smith helped her by explaining:

"In this country the Church is the Church of the poor, Lady Ippecacuanha, and on the whole I'm not sorry, since

it tends to keep both clergy and people in the invigorating and spiritual and material conditions of primitive Christianity. Our lay folk are not very clever, most of them, it is true, but both the stupid and the intelligent have always crowded out the Church of God; it is the half-educated who have always been too proud to come in." Thinking that he had perhaps gone too far, Father Smith was glad when she drew his attention to her husband, swaggering up the street with their fifteen-year-old son, who, it was obvious from a distance, had no jammy ring round his mouth.

Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha had a purple club-window face and smelt of Harris tweed, liquorice pellets, and cigars. He had been a professional soldier for ten years, but had retired from the army to manage his estate. His son was a golden boy who had already won his school colors for cricket.

"Father Smith's just been giving me a most salutary lesson in humility," Lady Ippecacuanha explained.

"Glad somebody's able to keep her in order, Father," Sir Dugald rumbled. "And to tell you the truth I'm not altogether surprised that it should be an R.C. padre. Met a lot of them in the army and they always struck me as being good fellows. You know, no nonsense about them. Didn't give a damn about religion any more than anybody else did. We had one with us in the mess at Delhi. Drank like a fish and played a rattling good game of polo."

Father Smith didn't quite agree that the characteristics which Sir Dugald had mentioned were an essential qualification of a priest, but he decided that he had done enough preaching for one morning.

"Looks as though there's going to be trouble soon," Sir Dugald said as Lady Ippecacuanha and he took their leave. "I don't like the look of Germany at all. Well, if it comes to the bit, I'll be ready enough to get into the scrap. Soldiering's a washout in time of peace, but it's grand in time of war. And perhaps Alistair'll be in it too. He's a sergeant already in his O.T.C. at school."

Father Smith could see that Lady Ippecacuanha didn't share her husband's enthusiasm and he didn't share it himself, because he thought wars between nations could only hinder men from living as our Lord would have them live. When he went back into the presbytery, he found it difficult to begin his office because Sir Dugald's words had disturbed him so much.

WHEN Father Smith left for the front as a chaplain, the Bishop insisted on accompanying him to the station. When they arrived there, Father Bonnyboat was waiting for them by the big new advertisement for Bovril. He took Father Smith by the arm and fairly lugged him onto the platform, where Miss O'Hara was waiting with a fair selection of her choir. As soon as the Bishop and Father Smith appeared, they broke into *"Ecce Sacerdos Magnus,"* because, although it was chiefly Father Smith whom they had come to honour, they couldn't very well forget the Bishop, especially when he was always so kind and friendly to everybody and not the least little bit stuck up about being a bishop. Then when they had sung their Latin they sang their Scots: "Bonny Charlie's Noo Awa." The tears came to Father Smith's eyes as he watched them, because he knew that it wasn't about Prince Charlie at all that they were singing, but about himself, because he was leaving them and they didn't want him to go and were shy about saying so right out loud. Reverend Mother and Mother Leclerc and Mother de la Tour were there also, but they weren't singing, because it would have been wrong for nuns to sing secular songs in public, but Father Smith knew that down beneath their holy bibs their hearts were singing just as loudly as anybody else's. Then little Elvira Sarno, who was nine now, stepped forward and presented him with a bouquet of roses, which she said were from the nuns and the school children. There was a great deal of clapping and Monsieur O'Duffy shouted "Speech!" and Father Smith somehow heard himself talking back at them, thanking them for their kindness and telling them about how good our Lord wanted them all to be, especially in time of war. Then Monsignor O'Duffy raised his hand again and they all sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and this time Father Smith was almost sure that he could see the nuns singing as well, although he supposed that they oughtn't to be. Then they all broke up and churned along in a crowd to pack him into his compartment.

The priest was rather shamed to be travelling first-class in front of them all, because he knew that none of them ever travelled first-class, and he explained to the Bishop and the nuns that it wasn't really his fault, but that there was a rule about it in the army.

Mother de la Tour said that she had never sat in a first-class carriage before, because she had always been brought up to believe that people who travelled in first-class carriages went straight to hell when they died, and she asked Reverend Mother if she thought that there would be any sin in her trying the cushions just to see how soft they really were. In front of the eyes of a block-faced captain of artillery who was pretending to read, Mother de la Tour tried out the cushions and bounced up and down on them to the greater glory of God and cried through the open window that, even in paradise itself, cherubim and seraphim could desire no more comfortable choir stalls.

Then the Bishop said that it was time for Father Smith to be getting into the carriage himself, because he could see the guard getting ready with his green flag. So Father Smith shook hands with them all and knelt down and kissed the Bishop's ring and the Bishop gave him his blessing in a swift little Latin patter. The captain of artillery in his corner looked more imperturbable than ever. Then the minister of the High Kirk and Lady Ippecacuanha both appeared from nowhere and the minister said that, although he had not the honour of belonging to the same great communion as Father Smith, he nevertheless wished him Godspeed and a safe return, and Lady Ippecacuanha said that Father Smith mustn't say a word to her husband, but she felt in her bones that she was going to become a Roman Catholic one of these fine days, which wasn't altogether as strange as it might sound because she had once known a countess who had been to Lourdes.

FATHER SMITH had to be brave again and again in the war, but he didn't win the Victoria Cross or the Distinguished Service Order or the Military Cross, and so there was no deputation at the station to greet him when he came back at the beginning of 1919, because everybody was coming back from the war these days. The Bishop, however, was there, waiting on the platform bang in front of the bookstall.

The Bishop broke the bad news in the cab on the way to the presbytery.

"I am sending you back to the Holy Name, Father, but I am afraid that I shall have to allow Father Bonnyboat to remain on as rector," he said. "You see, you've been away for three years now and so much has happened during your absence. The church has been completed and a new set of Stations of the Cross blessed and Lady Ippecacuanha received into the Church. I am sure that you will understand that when Father Bonnyboat has worked such wonders, it would be ungracious on my part to send him back to Our Lady."

Father Smith had to swallow hard before he was able to answer the Bishop. He was fifty-one now, and it was he who had done the spade work on the Holy Name just as it was he who had done the spade work on Lady Ippecacuanha, and he thought that it was only fair that he should have had the parish for his own. Then he reminded himself of the vows he had made at his ordination and said humbly:

"My lord, I am only too glad to be back at my old church in whatever capacity. You may rely on me to give the same allegiance to Father Bonnyboat as my rector as I have always given to your lordship as my Bishop."

"Thank you, Father," the Bishop said.

They talked of more general matters after that. The Bishop said that, although he still maintained that the war had been fought in defence of a righteous cause, he was disappointed to notice that as yet there was no sign of a religious awakening in the land. In fashion young women were shortening their hair and their skirts and behaving as immodestly as they dressed.

Father Smith said that he was sorry to have to state that he had remarked the same lack of religious fervour among people as a whole, but hoped that the phenomenon was only temporary. As for women's clothes, he had always felt that it was what women concealed and not what they revealed that did the harm and that the best way to make men pure would be to let all the women in the country walk about naked, so that perhaps the shortening of their skirts was a step in the right direction. The Bishop was rather silent when Father Smith said this, and the priest wondered if he had gone too far and led his lordship to think that life in the army had made him rather worldly.

Father Bonnyboat was standing in the doorway of the presbytery to greet them. Father Smith didn't ask Father Bonnyboat any questions about the parish, because he thought that he still knew the parish better than Father Bonnyboat did.

"I am afraid, Father, that you'll find that I have made some changes since you've been away," Father Bonnyboat said at length.

Father Smith was silent.

"To be quite frank," Father Bonnyboat went on, "when I arrived here I found things rather slack. I've scrapped the Roman vestments for Gothic and I've also got rid of Miss O'Hara and her mixed choir."

Father Smith almost let out a howl.

"But how on earth's the poor woman going to earn her living?" he asked.

"They've taken her on at the pro-Cathedral," Father Bonnyboat said. "Monsignor O'Duffy's not quite as particular in these matters as I am."

Father Smith wanted to cry out that Monsignor O'Duffy was quite right and that kindness to a good woman was more important than the sound of an introit or the set of a biretta; but instead he said:

"But she's been with me for more than ten years now."

"I am perfectly well aware of that. But you know the motto, *'Nihil operi Dei praeponatur,'* 'Let nothing be put before God's office.' "

"I also know a text . . ." Father Smith wanted to say, but instead he marched over to the window and looked out. At first he didn't see the cinema because he was trying to pray for Father Bonnyboat and was finding it very difficult. When he did see the cinema, he noticed that it was all lighted up in red and purple and gold and with new names plastered across it: CONSTANCE TALMADGE, NORMA TALMADGE, AND THOMAS MEIGHAN.

"Perhaps there's something that God thinks even more important than liturgy, Father," he said. "I mean justice and decency and human kindness."

To his surprise Father Bonnyboat didn't bark back at him, but came over and stood with him at the window and took his arm.

"You're right and you're wrong, Father," he said. "You're right because man can't live by liturgy alone and you're wrong because man needs beauty in his soul as well as bread in his belly. Tell me: what do you think all these people are standing out there in that queue for if it isn't to slake their longing for excitement and romance and beauty? And Almighty God is ever so much more exciting and romantic and beautiful than the heroine of any cinematograph film, only people don't know that. It's up to us to make them see it, and that's why we are right to make our services as lovely and austere as possible."

Father Smith was smiling as he allowed himself to be led back to the table, because he knew that it wasn't going to be difficult any longer for him to pray for Father Bonnyboat, because Father Bonnyboat was as eager as himself about the Lord's cause, only in a different way, that was all.

WHEN on Ash Wednesday, 1920, there were still no signs of a religious revival in the land, even Father Bonnyboat began to be afraid liturgy alone wouldn't do the trick, so he asked Monsignor O'Duffy to come along from the pro-Cathedral and preach a mission. Monsignor O'Duffy said that he thought that a grand idea and that he would preach the congregation of the Holy Name such a humdinger of a mission that nobody in the whole parish would commit a mortal sin for three weeks at least. He preached his first sermon from the altar steps and after the priest's communion instead of after the Gospel, because he had made up his mind to preach a snorter of a sermon and didn't want to have to do a lot of high-class singing afterwards.

"Stand away from yon door," he bawled down the church at the pass-keepers, "stand away from yon door so that I can see if anybody tries for to get out. Move up there and let the lassie in," he bellowed at Lady Ippecacuanha. "Ye canna have the corner seat all the time. . . . My dear brethren in Jesus Christ, looking out upon the world today we see a great roaring, grunting, boozing, lusting, blaspheming, ranting, rampaging heathen mass swarming along the pavements of our cities and thinking themselves respectable citizens just because they wear hats on their heids and mackintoshes you can see through and carry unberellies forbye. But they're no respectable. They're no respectable because they pay no attention to God's Commandments. And this great roaring, grunting, boozing, lusting, blaspheming, ranting, rampaging heathen mass will gang doon the drain tae burn in hell fire for all eternity if it's no very careful. And you, my dear brethren in Jesus Christ, are part of this great roaring, grunting, boozing, lusting, blaspheming, ranting, rampaging heathen mass."

Father Smith, who was sub-deacon, gave up listening at this point, although from time to time he caught one of the monsignor's phrases, cracking across the church with a fine smack: "No young couples in this parish should walk down dark lanes after ten o'clock at night"; "Almighty God never intended young girls to wear flesh-coloured silk stockings at any time of the year, let alone during the holy season of Lent." Was this, after all, what was wanted?

After having warned those who had never been further afield than Dunoon about the dangers to be met in Paris from "bedizened and be-jewelled Jezebels, flaunting their baseness in marble palaces," Monsignor O'Duffy drew thunderingly to a close.

As he passed down the church after the service, Father Smith saw quite a crowd of women lined up on a bench outside the confessional which had been allocated to Monsignor O'Duffy for the duration of the mission. Lady Ippecacuanha was among them and there was a slattern or two, for the monsignor had quite a way with the ladies of the profession when they accosted him in error at night when he was returning from sick calls. "Ye'll burn like a faggot, you scum," he would roar instead of taking off his hat like the Episcopal dean and saying, "Not tonight, my dear." Even now he was lecturing them prior to entering his confessional, standing in front of them and shouting out his injunctions at the feather in Lady Ippecacuanha's hat. "I'm delighted to see that my words have had such good effect, but please cut out the havers when you make your confessions because I'm in a hurry to get home for my dinner," he was saying. "So begin at once with your real sins, such as when you were last drunk and all that, and remember that it's no use confessing that you stole a rope if you forget to mention that there was a horse tied to the other end of it."

IN July, 1922, there were so many pupils at the nuns' school that Reverend Mother felt quite satisfied in asking Lady Ippecacuanha to present the prizes, and Lady Ippecacuanha was graciously pleased to accept. Her Greek god of a son came, too, only he was no longer a Greek god, because he had been so hacked about in the war.

The children looked very sweet as they went up to get their prizes, curtseying to the Bishop and Reverend Mother and Lady Ippecacuanha. Elvira Sarno received three prizes. She was fourteen now and very dark and grave and lovely in her white dress, and everybody clapped a lot when she received her prizes.

The concert followed immediately afterwards and the nuns and the clergy all got down from the platform to make room for the performers. Lady Ippecacuanha opened the concert by singing "Down in the Forest Something Stirred." She had wanted to sing her old favorite "Have You Ever Seen an Oyster Walk Upstairs?" but her husband had suggested that it would perhaps sound rather horsey in a convent, old gal, and that she had better choose something more poetic.

The grass smelled soft and fresh and green when they all went out on the lawn for the sports afterwards. Monsignor O'Duffy was the official starter and he fairly enjoyed firing the pistol, screwing up his eyes and holding his great ham of a hand high in the air. Watching the happy pattern of the girls running and the nuns' habits beside the trees, Father Smith breathed a swift prayer of thanks to God for having made holiness so simple and so joyful and so beautiful. Blinking the glad tears back from his eyes, he saw Elvira Sarno standing in front of him hand-in-hand with Joseph Scott, who was now at Saint Francis Xavier's Academy, but had been invited across for the afternoon.

"Father, Jo and I have just been having a terrible argument," she announced.

"Elvira says that it's a sin to drink lemonade when you're in retreat and I say it isn't," the boy said.

Bless them, bless them, Father Smith thought, and was about to explain that there was no real theological issue at stake unless one wanted to please our Lord by giving up something that one really liked when Elvira shouted out that there was the parents' race starting and that it looked as though Monsignor O'Duffy was going to run in it himself because he was handing over his pistol to the Bishop. And run in the parents' race the monsignor did, and came in puffing and blowing third last, even although

he took off his frock coat and showed his liquorice all-sort shirt-sleeves; but Elvira said to Joseph that they mustn't laugh at his shirts because her mother had told her that the monsignor always bought cheap shirts so that he might have more money to give away to the poor.

"Joseph," Elvira said, "—no, shut up, Joseph, and let me do the talking—Joseph thinks that he would like to become a priest when he grows up and he wants to know if you think he's holy enough."

The priest laughed aloud for sheer joy.

"You see, Father," the boy said gravely, "I want to do some good in the world and I don't think I could ever be satisfied just going into business and making money."

The priest had always loved Joseph Scott since the day when, as a boy of four, he had come running up to him in the street and thrust his small hand into his and asked, "Can I chum you, Father?"

"How old are you now, Joseph?" he asked.

"Fifteen, Father," the boy answered.

"Well, you've got time enough to think it over, haven't

you?" the priest said. "Remember that a priest's is a hard and difficult calling and is not to be entered lightly. But I am sure that if you still have the same dispositions in two or three years' time you will make a very good priest indeed. And you, Elvira," he asked, because he felt that if he didn't make a joke he would disgrace himself by bursting out into tears, "you're not thinking of becoming a nun by any chance?"

Elvira shook her head smilingly. "Not unless I could wear pretty dresses occasionally," she said. "Tell me, Father: do nuns *never* get into mufti?"

"Nuns never get into mufti because their souls never get into mufti," Father Smith said.

"It's not that I don't love our Lord, but I love pretty clothes as well," Elvira said. "Indeed, I rather think I want to become an actress and have the men all turn and stare at me when I walk into the Carlton-Elite Hotel."

"She's terribly worldly, isn't she?" Joseph said.

"I know a lady who was told by a Jesuit that it might be her vocation to be the best-dressed woman in every room she walked into as long as she did it to the greater glory of God, so boo!" Elvira said.

"Most things are all right as long as we do them to the greater glory of God," Father Smith said. Then, feeling that perhaps he had been a little too sententious, he added: "You two seem great friends, don't you?"

"Perhaps that's because you baptized us both on the same day," Elvira said.

They went as they had come, hand-in-hand. Father Smith wondered for a moment if it was right for a boy who thought he had a vocation to the priesthood to be holding the hand of a girl so pretty as Elvira, but he told himself that they were both too young and innocent to realize that there could be any danger in their affection, and that our Lord Himself had said that unless people became as little children they should not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

ALREADY in May, 1926, when Father Smith went to admire Mother de la Tour's daffodils, there were lots of people walking, grown-up, about the town whom the priest did not remember ever having seen before. On the bills outside his cinema, Signor Sarno was advertising Rudolph Valentino and Harold Lloyd, and the balcony seats had gone up to one-and-nine, but the priest did not pay much attention because the general strike was on.

Father Smith did not know quite what to make of the strike, because it seemed to him that the working people had a genuine grievance, only he didn't like the way they lounged about the town with their hands in their pockets. He didn't like the way the rich went about being loyal either, because he thought that it was easy for them to do poor men's work free for fun, and so he didn't know how to greet Lady Ippecacuanha when he came upon her, big, brassy, red-haired and monocled, punching tickets and ringing the bell on the tram which was to take him from the presbytery to the convent.

"Dear Father Smith, I think it's simply marvelous the way everybody has been so loyal, don't you?" she boomed through her husky teeth as she thrust a ticket upon him.

Loyal to what or to whom, Father Smith wondered, as he smiled foolishly back at her slice of face. Loyal to their bank balances, their dividends, and their dinner jackets or to their sense of Emmanuel, God-with-us?

At the school the children were singing when the priest entered the classroom. The big girls and the small girls were all there, wearing their white veils too, for they had been rehearsing the procession when the Bishop would carry the Blessed Sacrament along the path under the trees and they would walk with lighted candles in front of him.

REVEREND MOTHER waited until they had finished the singing before she let Father Smith see that she was aware of his presence, and then she made him mount up onto the dais and said: "And now, my children, Father Smith is going to say a few words to us."

Feeling very foolish, as he always did when he had to speak in public in Reverend Mother's presence, Father Smith spoke briefly of the beauty of the great feast which they were about to celebrate. He told them that when they grew up and went out into the world, wicked men and women might try to make them forget the sweet doctrines which they had learned in the convent, but that they must not do so, because these doctrines were not only beautiful but true as well.

It was impossible to tell from Reverend Mother's expression what she thought of his address. She did not tell him when they were alone together either, but merely thanked him for his kindness in coming to see them and said Elvira had asked to be allowed to speak to him in the parlour.

Elvira was eighteen now. Standing looking at the photograph of Cardinal Amette, late Archbishop of Paris, she seemed older, but when she turned to greet him the innocence of her face made her look younger.

"Good day, Father," she greeted, and then her brave smile went and she flung herself upon his shoulder, sobbing. "I am so miserable, Father, and nobody but you will understand. You see, I love him such a lot. Tell me, Father, is it wrong of me to love him when he is going away to learn to become a priest?"

"Dear child," he said, "dear child, of course it is not wrong of you to love Joseph because he is becoming a priest. On the contrary, you should love him all the more because he is giving up everything for our Lord. But there are two kinds of love, Elvira: the earthly and the supernatural; and it is with the supernatural love that you must love Joseph."

"But if I never let him see that I love him with an earthly love?" she asked. "If I never hold his hand again or smile too much when I see him coming up the garden path?"

"Sweet child, you must learn to love him only in Christ," Father Smith said.

"But I love my *enemies* in Christ," Elvira protested. "I love them because God commands me to love them. But that is not the way I love Joseph. I love his eyes and I love his nose and I love his mouth and I love the way his

hair grows. Tell me, Father: is it wrong for a girl to love the way a priest's hair grows?"

"If it is not wrong at least it is dangerous," Father Smith said.

"Our Lord asks an awful lot of us at times, doesn't He?" Elvira said.

"We must remember that we shan't wake up in heaven wondering how on earth we got there," Father Smith said, smiling inwardly to himself as he quoted Canon Bonnyboat's favourite thunder.

"I'm still going to be an actress, but when men turn to

stare at me in the lounge of the Carlton-Elite, I'll still wish it was Joseph who was staring," Elvira said. "And I'll never, never marry anybody else, and I'll wear all my pretty clothes to the greater Glory of God because Joseph will be too busy being a priest to be interested. And every night I'll pray that God will grant him the grace of a happy death."

"You'll grow out of your unhappiness, child, and in the meantime the only thing you can do is to offer it up to God," Father Smith said as he left her. He felt that he ought to have been able to say something more consoling, especially when Elvira thanked him at the gate for having helped her so much.

Standing at the new traffic lights, Joseph's father, James Scott, who had recently been promoted to pointsman, was controlling the arrival and the departure of the trams. Crossing to congratulate him on not having gone out on strike, Father Smith wondered if he could have served the Lord as bravely as James Scott had done for the last twenty years if he had had to do it by punching tickets and blowing whistles. James Scott, however, did not seem to think that there was anything particularly brave in his not having gone out on strike, although he was manifestly pleased when Father Smith started to talk about Joseph and about how good a priest he thought the boy would make.

IN May, 1928, Mother de la Tour's wireless set was able to make such a noise that she didn't need any earphones to hear what the pretty girls were singing in London. The films, too, were talking now, and Monsignor O'Duffy went so far as to predict that in another few years they would be stinking as well, but that didn't worry Signor Sarno, who had a nice lot of new names on the advertisements outside his cinema: gentlemen called R. Novarro and J. Gilbert, and ladies called C. Bennett and G. Garbo, all of whom were wows, but Miss G. Garbo especially, because of the superb way she could wear a mackintosh.

The Church, however, still had her confessors, doctors, virgins, and martyrs, and although the saints were, for the moment, less well known than Harold Lloyd and Gloria Swanson, they looked as though they might last longer. So indeed thought Father Smith as he made his way one Friday afternoon to the convent to hear the nuns' confessions. Only that morning he had read in the *Daily Bugle* of a young American millionaire who employed to answer his social correspondence fifty typists, all of whom had to have red hair and pale green eyes. Interviewed by a press representative, the millionaire had said: "I am a progressive. Freed from the shackles of superstition and dogma, I believe in the pulsation of life and in the elemental biologic principle. I want a good time and as I've got the mazuma, why the heck shouldn't I have it?"

It didn't make sense to Father Smith who had never been able to understand how people who split their infinitives, read Edgar Wallace for pleasure, and believed that black cats were unlucky, should be intellectually insulted by the doctrine of transubstantiation.

The nuns' confessions always cheered Father Smith, because they made him realize that other people in the world were fighting the same lonely battle for grace. They also made him feel humble, because it was evident that the nuns were so much better at being holy than he was. Listening to their swift French amid the smell of incense and old wood and clean linen, Father Smith often felt that it ought to have been he who should confess to them and not they to him.

HE was always a little nervous when Reverend Mother came into the box, because he knew that spiritually she was ever so much better informed than he was and that he would need no end of help from the Holy Ghost if he were not to appear a fool when he gave her counsel. Today, however, she made him smile for the first time. Last Saturday she had had occasion to address the girls of the junior school, who were aged from five to ten, and she had told them how very wrong it was for girls to put cosmetics on their faces because it was an insult to our Blessed Lord's handiwork, since, if He had intended women's lips to be vermilion, He would have created them that colour Himself. At the time she had forgotten that she had been speaking to such very young girls and now she wondered whether she had acted wisely or foolishly. Might she not have done more harm than good? Might she not inadvertently have encouraged some girls to contemplate a practice of which they had not heard until she had spoken of it to them?

Afterwards, as they walked together in the garden, the priest was still smiling. He had given Reverend Mother an extra Hail Mary to say "for spiritual indiscretion" and he was amused by the recollection.

Mother Leclerc came out across the lawn in her flopping black habit and said that they must both come into the parlour at once and see Elvira Sarno's beautiful new photograph which had just arrived from America, from a place called Hollywood.

Elvira did, indeed, look beautiful in her glossy photograph on which she had written: "To my dear sweet nuns in memory of many happy yesterdays. Elvira Sarno." Reverend Mother held the photograph up to the light and examined it attentively, and Father Smith knew that she was scrutinizing the eyes for the evidence of compromission with the world. He, too, examined the photograph closely: the shiny lips looked almost black and the eyebrows seemed strangely thin, but the eyes were the same eyes that he had seen gazing starrily across the altar rail at her first communion.

"We shall have the photograph framed and hung in the parlour," Reverend Mother decided.

"But will his lordship the Bishop approve?" Mother Leclerc asked.

"His lordship will approve, because he knows just as well as I do that it is possible to act as well as to stoke furnaces or to pray to the greater glory of God," Reverend Mother said. "Elvira Sarno was our pupil and she is now our friend. Even if she has chosen a dangerous profession, it is our duty to pray for her, that she may carry into strange places the lamp we lighted for her here. And even if she fails, it will still be our duty to pray for her, so that she may become again the child she was when she was at this school."

Father Smith felt that he could have kissed Reverend Mother for this speech. Instead, he said that he thought that he had the very frame to fit the photograph.

When he was happy, Father Smith always sang snatches from the psalms as he walked along the street. Today as he returned to the presbytery he sang the *Magnificat*. He was so pleased about what Reverend Mother had said about Elvira that he almost bawled the verses. People

turned to stare at him as he passed, but the priest was too elated to notice, and kept right on to the end, shouting his gratitude up to God, thundering Latin, false notes and all. When he stopped, he found himself in front of Signor Sarno's cinema. The proprietor himself was standing on the steps.

"*Buona sera, reverendo padre mio,*" Signor Sarno greeted. "You come see my little girl act. Very nice. Very moving. In the bathroom scene she is especially magnificent. Very passionate, very pure. 'Bill,' she says, 'you get to hell out of it or I'll throw you out on your ear,' and then she has her bath and sings 'Ave Maria' just to show she ain't no floosie."

Father Smith wondered why it was that he hadn't noticed the name, Elvira Sarno, on the bills, but he supposed that it must be because down the years he had seen so many names larded up there that he had ceased to pay any real attention to them. Because he wished at all costs to be able to go on believing in Elvira, the priest decided that he would not accept her father's invitation to "pop in for a look-see."

FATHER SMITH was sixty-one years of age when, in 1929, the Bishop made him a canon of the pro-Cathedral, reinstated him as rector of the Church of the Holy Name, and transferred Canon Bonnyboat to Saint Mungo's. And on the Feast of Saints Macellinus, Peter, and Erasmus, Martyrs, Thomas Edmund Smith sang his first capitular High Mass in the pro-Cathedral.

As it was a week-day, the congregation was small, with Lady Ippecacuanha very prominent in the front row. The canons, however, were all there, fitted into their stalls like pipes into racks, and Canon Smith felt very nervous because he knew that his voice, never good at any time, was now old and cracked. The collect bothered him quite a lot, and he decided to sing it in a low tone so that his faults might be the less noticed; but before he had got the first clause out, Monsignor O'Duffy, who was standing beside him, whispered: "Sing oot louder, Tam; the auld wives at the back'll no be able tae hear ye."

When the Mass was over, the chapter meeting took place in the presbytery because there was no proper chapter house. When Monsignor O'Duffy had opened the meeting with prayer, Canon Poustie rose and asked the chapter what, in their opinion, was the best way of dealing with lovers when found canoodling in church doors. He said that it was his practice to go round the outside of his church with a flash lamp after Benediction each evening and chase the lovers out, but that it didn't seem to do much good, because the shameless creatures just crossed to the Baptist church on the opposite side of the road and carried on their iniquitous practices there. Canon Dobbie said that he fully sympathized with Canon Poustie, because there were always lovers cramming into the porch of the Church of Our Lady, too, but that he had come to the conclusion that it was best to leave them where they were, as it was just as possible that a grace from the Blessed Sacrament might touch their souls as that the tempo of their embraces might offend the Blessed Sacrament.

Monsignor O'Duffy then rose and said that he thought that Canon Dobbie's answer to Canon Poustie was a very beautiful and consoling one, and that none of them must ever forget that God moved in a mysterious way. Perhaps, though, his old friend, Canon Smith, whom they were all delighted to welcome among them, would like to say a few words on the subject.

"Right Reverend and Very Reverend Fathers," Canon Smith began, "I thank Monsignor O'Duffy for his very kind reference to me. I think, though, that Canon Dobbie is right when he suggests that we should leave the lovers to our Lord, because the sacraments are powerful in these matters and because the Church's teaching thereon is well known. Indeed, so well known is the Church's teaching on sexual morality that it is popularly supposed that the word sin connotes almost exclusively the grosser carnal misdemeanours and that lack of charity is a peccadillo which our Lord will pardon easily. Please do not misunderstand me. I am not trying to minimize or to excuse in any way the conduct of which Monsignor O'Duffy and Canon Poustie complain. But for Catholics there are the sacraments to cool them, and even to non-Catholics our teaching is, I repeat, well known, so that anything in the nature of a special campaign would, I think, be a work of supererogation.

"There are, however, other matters to which I think we priests might profitably give our attention. A French agnostic once asked, 'If God has spoken, why isn't the world convinced?' God, we know, has spoken and, equally we know, the world is not convinced.

"One of the reasons that the world is not convinced is, I think, that men believe that the Church, which they confuse with churchmen, teaches a short-range rather than a long-range morality. They hear the adulterer, the thief, and the murderer condemned from our pulpits, but not the employer of sweated labour, not the shareholder in armaments factories, not the politicians who compromise with the perpetrators of cruelty in faraway lands. They argue that, in the eyes of the Church, a man who owns shares in a company which makes its profits through underpaying Chinese coolies is a good Christian so long as he doesn't murder the friend who beats him at golf or cohabit with his parlour maid. We, who are priests, know that this is not the teaching of the Church, but can we honestly say that we have taken the trouble to let men of good faith know that this is not the teaching of the Church?

"We must be brave and cry aloud to men to practise virtues that are more unpopular than purity and humility. We must teach men that wrong is not right because a community practises it. In short, we must try to save the world from another war while there is yet time, and there is only one way to do that: by preaching the full fearless doctrine of Christ, by teaching the religion *of* Jesus as well as the religion *about* Jesus, by proclaiming that God wants men to be just and kind to one another as well as to believe that He is really and truly present in the Sacrament of the Altar."

Sitting down, Father Smith saw at once they had not understood. He saw it from the way they avoided his gaze and looked sideways at one another when they thought that he wasn't looking. Was it that their piety had become a habit, or was it that his own words had been badly chosen? He was still puzzling over this when Canon Sellar rose.

"When a bishop pontificates at the ceremonies on Holy Saturday, ought he to remove his mitre when lying prostrate in front of the altar during the litany of the saints?" he asked.

FATHER JOSEPH SCOTT was ordained priest by the Bishop in the pro-Cathedral on the Feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, 1932, and said his first Mass the next day in the chapel of the convent, because the nuns had asked for him to say it there.

Father Scott's father and mother were the first to receive holy communion at the young priest's hands, as was only fitting, since they had given him to God. Mr. Scott wore his tramwayman's blue uniform for the occasion because he had to go out on points duty immediately afterwards, but his wife had bought a new hat, all yellow and green and blue and red. Then came Father Scott's brothers and sisters, all the steps and stairs of them, and then the children in their lovely white dresses and then the nuns with grave faces and folded hands. Last of all came a tall dark lovely young woman whom Canon Smith didn't recognize as Elvira Sarno until it was all over and Father Scott had prayed to Holy Michael, the Archangel, to deliver them on the day and to thrust down to hell Satan and all wicked spirits who wandered through the world for the ruin of souls.

ELVIRA hadn't forgotten the Church of the Holy Name while she had been away in America, making a fortune, telling Clark Gable and Franchot Tone to step on it. She gave the canon a cheque for five thousand pounds so that he could build a real stone church as the old tin one was beginning to leak. She also brought him for High Mass six sets of vestments in all the colours of the Roman sequence, including pink, for *Laetare* and *Gaudete* Sundays. For this the canon was very grateful because the green chasuble with the lamb on the back, which, from a distance, looked like a horse, was beginning to get rather

faded. She also invited the canon to lunch with her at the Carlton-Elite.

Canon Smith hadn't been in the Carlton-Elite since five years previously, when he had taken the last sacraments to a dying Portuguese admiral, and he found the vestibule very worldly, with painted young women standing about with overcoats thrown loosely over their shoulders and smoking with aggressive venom as though they were doing something both wicked and complicated, like committing adultery in Russian. Used to contemplating sin and futility only from the pulpit and the confessional, the canon was appalled when he met them on the same carpet and, in order not to be obliged to inspect them too closely, he crossed to the bookstall, which was piled with *Magnolia Street* and *The Fountain*.

Elvira, the priest saw as he turned to greet her, was also wearing her overcoat thrown loosely over her shoulders, and so he concluded that the affectation couldn't be so wicked after all.

"You are very beautiful," Canon Smith said with a gallantry which was as sincere as it was unwonted.

"That's not at all the sort of thing a holy man of God should say to a cinema star," Elvira said as she led him into the cocktail lounge.

For all his sixty-four years the canon had never been in a cocktail lounge before, but Monsignor O'Duffy had told him that they were places where men and women who didn't believe in Trinity foregathered to make lewd merriment over outlandish brews and potations. He looked about him with interest, therefore. All over the room the same patterns of pink-putty people as he had seen parading in the vestibule were sitting about at small tables drinking tight little lakes of coloured drinks out of glasses with long stems. Certainly none of them seemed to be dressed in such a way as to suggest that they believed very ardently in the Trinity, and some of the brews and potations they were consuming looked as though they might, indeed, be outlandish, but the canon didn't see any signs of merriment, lewd or innocent. Instead, there were hopelessness, envy, and disappointment in their eyes.

WHEN the waiter came and asked them what they wanted to drink, the canon was at a loss what to say; but Elvira helped him out and said that she thought that they'd both better have a sidecar.

The strange drink when it came looked rather like a soapy water, but Elvira said that it tasted much nicer than it looked, and indeed it did, and after a sip or two the canon began to be able to believe that the tweed suits and fur coats and high heels and silk stockings all around weren't perhaps as worldly as they looked and might even love our Blessed Lord a little, provided there was an organ playing.

"Are you happy, child?" he asked at length.

"When men stare at me I still wish it was he that was staring," she said. "And all I can do is to pray that God will give him the grace of a happy death, which he is pretty certain to have in any case as he is a priest. But there's nothing to be afraid of, Father," she said, observing his worry. "In these matters it takes two to make a danger. Why, Joseph scarcely knows that I exist now. Do you know what he said to me in the sacristy this morning when I went to give him my good wishes? 'Oh, hello, Elvira. Nice to see you again. You're on the stage or in opera or something, aren't you?'"

"You must remember that the study of the contemporary cinema is not encouraged in seminaries," Canon Smith said.

They finished their drinks in silence and then rose and went into the dining room. At the next table four red-faced business men were swilling down gin and talking with loud jocosity.

"Now this johnny Hitler," one of them said.

"What johnny Hitler?" another of them asked.

"He means the chap who's trying to form a new party in Germany," another of them said.

"Just a flash in the pan, that's all," the first man said.

"This chap Hitler says he's out to make Germany strong and powerful again," the second man said.

"Well, if there's another war, all I can say is I'm waiting till they come and fetch me," the third man said. "Look at what the last one did to us: messed up business and now there's no money left for anybody."

A gentleman, with a nose like a purple pumice stone and mean little piggy eyes, raised his glass benevolently in the air.

"I've always maintained that all this talk about a slump was demoralizing," he said. "Talk about a slump and chaps tread on your ear. Don't talk about a slump and keep your optics skinned, and before you know where you are you're in the dough."

Elvira and the canon had just finished ordering their lunch when across the square came a procession of tattered men with banners. They were the unemployed shipyard workers marching out to call on the Prime Minister in London. Lean and haggard and with angry eyes they came shuffling, dank, dreary, and dirty.

"That's the third of those disgraceful processions I've seen this week," the first business man said.

"What beats me is why the fools can't understand that it's simply a question of economics and that the employers can't afford to pay workers for doing nothing," the third man said.

"They ought to turn a machine-gun on the swine," the fourth man said. "Waiter, another four same agains."

"Tell me, Father," Elvira said across the table to the canon. "There's something very wrong with this country, isn't there?"

"With the whole world, I'm afraid, my dear," the canon said.

IT was so long since he had been alone with the Bishop that Canon Smith didn't know quite what to say to him as they trundled along deep ravines of ugly streets in his lordship's tiny tin truck. They knew each other well, of course, but not sufficiently well not to have to make noises at each other when they were alone together. The Bishop was the first to break their slightly awkward silence.

"I've been thinking lately about Father Scott," he said. "I've been wondering whether I oughtn't to move him on to another parish."

"The Church of the Holy Name will miss him terribly if you do," Canon Smith said. "In my opinion he's the finest preacher we've had for years."

"It's of the young man's own good that I'm thinking and indeed of the ultimate good of the diocese as a whole," the Bishop said. "If there's one thing more calculated to fan the flame of human vanity than being a popular actor, it's being a popular preacher. All these queues outside your church on Sunday evenings. And not only Catholics either, but Protestants as well. And then some of the things that he says are rather startling. For instance, that remark of his about morality being something more positive than glamour girls refraining from uncovering their vaccination marks in the presence of archbishops."

"I do not think, my lord, that Father Scott meant any harm by the statement you quote," Canon Smith said, "and, what is more, I do not think he did any harm. He has often told me that he thought the old truths wanted restating in language the people could understand. And indeed I think so myself."

The Bishop said no more, but from his manner when they parted at the door of the presbytery the canon understood that there was no immediate likelihood of Father Scott being moved to another parish.

THE Bishop arrived five minutes late at the pro-Cathedral on the Feast of Saint Philip and Saint James, 1937, when he was due to sing pontifical High Mass on the occasion of his sacerdotal golden jubilee.

Canon Smith's eyes filled with tears as the organ roared out the *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* and they entered the packed cathedral. What nonsense the left-wing intellectuals talked, he thought, when they spoke of "the phenomenon of our empty churches." Whatever churches were empty in Britain, the Catholic churches were always full. At four Masses each Sunday the Holy Name was crammed from sanctuary rail to organ loft.

Father Scott preached the sermon, because he was the best preacher in the diocese, but first he knelt before the Bishop for his blessing. Then Father Scott stood up in the pulpit and said, "In the Name of the Father, and of the

Son, and of the Holy Ghost," just like that, and the babies at the back stopped their yowling and behind a pillar in her humble square old coat his mother squeezed his father's hand, because it was their own son who was going to preach before all these holy men.

They were celebrating that day the fiftieth anniversary of their Bishop's ordination to the priesthood, Father Scott said, and on such occasions it was customary to preach happy, safe sermons about the wonders wrought in human souls by the operation of sacramental grace. Well, he wasn't going to preach a happy, safe sermon, because the world in which they lived was not a happy, safe world; instead, he was going to preach what some people might call an explosive sermon, nor was he going to apologize for it, because, if Christianity was anything, it was an explosive idea.

In olden days the reason for most of the world's miseries had been that Christians proclaimed with their lips and dissembled in their hearts; today Christians didn't bother even to proclaim with their lips, and, although some people might laud this omission as sincerity, he thought that it was a bad sign, since it indicated that there were no longer enough true Christians in the world to exact from the less virtuous a hypocrisy which was, in its twisted way, a compliment.

What had they got to show for the more than six thousand days they had lived since the eleventh of November, 1918, when peace for all time had been promised to the world? What except that they could now fly across the Atlantic instead of sail across it, that cinemas now talked, and that on the wireless the music went round and round, so that by merely pushing a button one could have Bach for breakfast and "You're My Sweetie Pie" for tea? But that sort of thing was not progress.

There was the myth of progress which assumed that men went on becoming automatically and inevitably more and more civilized and that the habits of tomorrow would be as superior as those of today were to those of yesterday. This was a grave error. Moving forward in time did not necessarily mean moving forward in ethics. The young lady who was popular with the men at dances because she had no body odour was not an improvement on Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, who must have smelt quite a lot after succouring her lepers, unless, which was unlikely, the young lady happened to think a better kind of thought than Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. For true progress was moral rather than mechanical: if there were to be more switches, more buttons, more batteries, there must also be more restraints, more austerities, more unselfishness, more humilities, more prayers, more contemplations on the real end of man.

The world was in its present agony because men had not been willing to understand that the lamp of western civilization had to be tended constantly or it would go out for ever. God's housekeeping had to be done every day afresh, or moth and rust would corrupt the fabric and the furniture wrought by patient men through the centuries. It was because men had refused to do God's chores that the peace of the world was again threatened, as was evidenced by the dreadful civil war at that moment raging in Spain.

Watching the Bishop blessing the incense through the intercession of Blessed Michael the Archangel, Canon Smith wondered how he had taken Father Scott's sermon; but it was not until they were back in the sacristy and the Bishop called him over that he knew.

"Well, Canon, I am afraid that I shall have to move that young man of yours after all," he said.

"But, my lord, what he said wasn't wrong," Canon Smith protested.

"It was because what he said was so right that I'll have to move him," the Bishop said. "I am going to make him rector of Our Lady, Mirror of Justice, Gormnevis."

WHEN he arrived at the pro-Cathedral for Monsignor O'Duffy's funeral, the Bishop came in his purple sil': and his lace through the streets quite openly, and even the Protestants took off their hats to him as he passed because he was too old for anybody to hate any longer.

There was such a cram in the church that the procession had almost to fight its way to the high altar: the nuns from the convent were there, the Lord Provost and members of the Town Council were there, the management and team of the Shamrock Football Club were there, the Episcopal Dean and the ministers of all the Protestant churches were there, the Salvation Army was there, the Saint Patrick Co-operative Society was there, the Plumbers' and Gasfitters' Trade Union was there, the chorus girls from the revue at the Duke of York's Theatre were there, the Town Territorials were there, the university professors were there, the tram-drivers, the stokers, the chimney sweeps, the school-children, the babies he had baptized and the harlots he had rebuked in the street were there, all surging in a steaming soup because a great and a good and a humble and a simple man had been called away by Almighty God.

Canon Smith sang the Mass of requiem, because he had been the monsignor's oldest friend. As he stood at the right-hand side of the altar to sing the collect, the sob in his heart was so great that it burst right through into his voice; but even as he faltered, the echo of tones that had been used to him at that very altar came back to him: "Sing oot louder, Tam; the auld wives at the back'll no be able tae hear ye"; so he mastered his gulp and sang out with all his might that God's holy angels might take Patrick Ignatius O'Duffy and lead him to the home of paradise.

When the service was over, the coffin was carried from the church on the shoulders of the Shamrock Football Team, whom the monsignor had used to encourage from the grandstand with both fingers in his mouth.

Through the advertisements for Pepsodent and Guinness and Players and Mine's A Minor the procession passed, but it wasn't only through them, because the streets were so blocked with other mourners that all the tramways had had to be stopped. For the most part it was the poor who had come out to see Monsignor O'Duffy go by for the last time, weeping in their shawls because they would never again hear the voice of Patrick Ignatius O'Duffy telling them that they would burn like faggots if they didn't come to Mass on Sundays.

Past Signor Sarno's cinema house bawling out about Hedy Lamarr, past the Episcopal Cathedral where God wore a blazer, past the new red-brick Congregational Church, on, on, on, out into the grand green splash of the country.

When at length they reached the cemetery, the Bishop

blessed the grave with incense and with holy water and prayed that the soul of Patrick Ignatius O'Duffy might be joined to the angelic choir; and with the cold trees all about them the clergy and the laity all blubbered like bairns because a holy, humble, yelling, blundering, delicate priest had been gathered by God.

IN his palace, which was a semi-detached villa on John Knox Road, James Michael Gabriel, by the grace of God and the favour of the Apostolic See, Lord Bishop of the diocese, lay dying. From the bed the Bishop whispered that he would like to bless them all before he died and

one by one the canons went forward and knelt under his hand.

For most of them he had a special message, as for Canon Bonnyboat to whom he said: "Christopher, go in peace; perhaps I'll be better at keeping my mitre on in the next world than in this, and thank you for putting me right so often." To Canon Smith he said, "Go in peace, Thomas Edmund, and thank you for being so often right when I was wrong."

"Deus misericors, Deus clemens," Canon Muldoon began to pray again when the Bishop had finished, but the Bishop whispered that he wasn't quite ready to die yet and would like to say a few words to them all.

First of all, he asked their pardon for any harshnesses or injustices or incomprehensions of which he might have been guilty, saying that it wasn't easy to be a bishop sometimes, because, although a bishop had the Holy Ghost to help him, he was still in most matters an ordinary man liable to err.

Secondly, he commended to their care, their thought, and their charity the diocese which he had loved and ruled for more than thirty-five years. Especially did he enjoin upon them the duty of seeking heavenly guidance in the matter of choosing his successor, since his task would be hard in a world which did not seem to understand that it was now at war again solely because men and women had not been willing to go on practising those reticences, moderations, and obediences out of which had grown their civilization.

Thirdly, he asked them to persevere in their own vocations. It was perhaps they who as preachers had failed and not the laity who as listeners had failed. Perhaps the truth had been too big for them and had ridden clumsily on their lips. He was sure that at least his old friend Canon Smith would know what he meant when he quoted a phrase he had once read in a book by a man named Thornton Wilder to the effect that rhetoric had ruined religion. Perhaps they had thought and expressed themselves too much in phrases, wrapping Christ's truth in verbial reach-me-downs instead of themselves cutting and tailoring individual telling words.

He was not going to ask them to become poets, because the perfect carving, moulding, and ordering of words was a special gift from God and one, unfortunately, which was not granted with the laying-on of hands; but he was going to suggest that they should write their sermons word by word instead of phrase by phrase. He could give them no rules in the matter, but he would suggest that there were times when it was more telling to say "Church" instead of "our Holy Mother the Church," "mercy" instead of "everlasting mercy," "Lent" instead of "the penitential season of Lent," for adjectives could petrify as well as qualify nouns. Finally, he thanked them for having been such good priests, unobtrusively reflecting Christ's martyrdom in the austerity of their daily lives.

"Deus misericors, Deus clemens," Canon Muldoon began to pray again, but before he got to the end of the prayer the Bishop was dead.

THE Bishop left one hundred and seventy-eight pounds three shillings and fourpence when he died, and he left it all in trust to Canon Scott "to be used for the conversion of Scotland to the True Faith." Most of the canons felt that an even greater sum would be required to do the trick, but they placed Canon Scott's name at the head of the three names they sent to Rome and the Pope agreed that he should be the new Bishop, even although he was only thirty-four years old, and everybody was very pleased because they knew that that had been the Bishop's wish or otherwise he wouldn't have left the young man all that money.

The grubby-mouthed urchins for whom Monsignor O'Duffy had blown up balloons in 1927 were dying in Libya when the new Bishop was consecrated in the pro-Cathedral on the Feast of Saint Philip and Saint James, 1942.

Afterwards there was a grand luncheon at the Carlton-Elite, because even although it was wartime it was not every day that a young man of thirty-four became a bishop. Old James Scott was at the high table, sandwiched in between the Bishop of Iona and the Lochs and the snooty old Bishop from England, only this time he didn't have to wear his tramwayman's uniform, because he had retired from points duty two years ago, and in any case he would probably have been allowed the day off. Mrs. Scott was at the high table, too, but she hadn't been able to buy a new hat, because she hadn't known that her son was going to be made a bishop and had allowed her coupons to run out. There were also a number of Polish, French, and Czechoslovak officers in uniform, because the Church in the town was very international these days.

Poor Canon Bonnyboat wasn't there, though, because he had had a stroke three months previously and was now living in the Aged and Infirm Priests' Home, which was especially unfortunate just then, as he could have prevented their lordships from making quite a lot of bloomers at the consecration. Elvira was there, however, very neat in the second subaltern's uniform, because she had given up film-making and had come home to join the A.T.S. Canon Smith sat beside her and he thought that she was looking lovelier than ever.

The spam was excellent and Canon Smith felt in fine fettle as he rose to propose the new Bishop's health and to wish him *ad multos annos*. He began by saying that he thought that he had a special right to propose the toast, because he himself had baptized his lordship thirty-four years previously and it wasn't every priest who could boast that he'd seen babies turn into bishops.

All he was going to say was this: their old Bishop had been a great and wise ruler and his chief concern had been that the diocese which he had loved so much should have a great and wise ruler when he died. That was the only sense in which ambition was lawful for a Christian: ambition for the work and not for self.

The true poet cared only that great poetry should be written and not that he himself should write it. So it was with priests. Good priests cared only that the flickering flame should be handed down the line of tapers and not that they themselves should be the tapers. Bishops were God's chosen tapers, the beacons which He had lighted with Holy Ghost down the centuries and then passed the flame on to others. He felt that there was something else which he ought to say, but he couldn't think of it, so he just wished the new Bishop a long life and a happy one and then sat down.

WHEN, two days before the new Bishop was due to consecrate the Church of the Holy Name, Canon Smith heard what most of his parishioners called the sireens sound in the middle of the night, he was not alarmed, because he had so often heard them sound before and nothing had happened. But the "all clear" didn't go; instead, there were bangs and explosions and more explosions, coming nearer and nearer. He bundled into his clothes and hurried away downstairs to the church, wondering if it would be a sin to extinguish an incendiary bomb with holy water and wishing that he could consult Canon Bonnyboat on the matter.

When he reached the porch of the church, he found it

packed with couples making love and stuffing themselves with fish and chips. He had to explain several times who he was before they would move aside to let him pass. He hesitated as to whether he should chase them away, but he remembered what Canon Dobbie had said thirteen years ago at his first chapter meeting, how that a grace from the Blessed Sacrament might touch their souls and change their dispositions to Almighty God, so he let them remain where they were.

INSIDE the church was dark but for the sanctuary lamp burning like a ruby.

The gunfire sounded, breaking out in a great roar over the town, and there were other noises as well, whistlings and screamings, followed by explosions. The canon remembered having read in the *Highland Herald* that those who were out in the streets during air raids might easily be wounded by a splinter from an anti-aircraft shell, so he went back to the church door and opened it. The lovers were no longer making love now, but were staring in startled dismay at the sky at the edge of the town, which was now red and glowing. The canon invited them to come in, telling them that he thought that it was dangerous for them to remain outside. They came in sheepishly. They were mostly soldiers and sailors accompanied by trollops from the Port Said Dancing Club. Most of the trollops had no hats on, and so Canon Smith told them to put their handkerchiefs over their heads as Saint Paul had ruled that it wasn't becoming for a woman to have her head uncovered in God's house. So the trollops put their handkerchiefs over their heads, flat out like tea cloths, but the canon showed them how to make them stay on properly, by tying four knots at the corners, and he lent his own handkerchief to a big blowsy Jezebel from the docks who said that she hadn't got one, because she thought it was rude to blow her nose in night clubs.

At this one of the soldiers laughed aloud and then stuck his hand in front of his mouth and apologized to the canon, saying that he had forgotten that he was in church; but the canon said that there was no need to apologize at all, because God didn't mind how much people laughed in church, provided that they laughed at the right sort of joke. Whereupon the soldier said that he had always thought that the Catholic religion was a very fine religion, indeed, and one of the sailors said that he thought so, too, and that, indeed, he would have become a Catholic long ago only he hadn't been able to understand the bit about the unbaptized babies burning for ever and ever in hell.

The canon said that the sailor was quite wrong and that the souls of unbaptized babies didn't burn in hell at all, and that if they would all sit down he would tell them what the Church's teaching on the subject really was and perhaps it would help to take their minds off the air raid. So they all sat down in the two back pews and the canon stood in the pew in front of them and told them all about the sacrament of baptism.

The truth was that the souls of unbaptized babies went to another place called Limbo, where there was no suffering and where our Lord's Own Son had gone between the time of His dying on the cross and His rising again from the dead. Limbo wasn't heaven, of course, but equally so it wasn't hell.

There was a big bang as the canon said this, and the sailor for whose benefit he had been explaining about baptism opened his eyes. The trollop sitting next him nudged him and asked him if he wasn't going to thank the Reverend Father for having told them all about baptism so nicely. So the sailor stood up and said that now that he understood the souls of unbaptized babies didn't go to hell, but to Kimberley instead, he would think very seriously about becoming a Catholic.

Canon Smith hadn't time to correct the sailor and tell him that it was to Limbo and not to Kimberley that the souls of unbaptized babies went, because there was a bigger bang than ever and the whole church trembled, and he and the soldiers and sailors and the trollops all flung themselves flat. When they got up again, they were so frightened that they had forgotten all about the souls of unbaptized babies. The big blowsy Jezebel from the docks asked the canon if they hadn't better sing a hymn.

They were all singing away at the tops of their voices when the incendiary bomb fell through the roof of the church and set the curtains behind the high altar on fire. Another bomb fell on the front pews and set them on fire, too, but Canon Smith didn't know about the incendiary bomb on the vestment chest until he rushed into the sacristy to put on a stole to remove the Blessed Sacrament from the high altar. He found a stole hanging on the back of the door and he found the key to the tabernacle, but the door of the tabernacle was so hot when he reached it that he could scarcely touch it. The sailors and the soldiers and the trollops tried to pull him back, but he shook them off and told them to get out of the church if they didn't want to be burned to death. They said, however, that they weren't going to leave the church until he did, because he had been so nice telling them about how the souls of unbaptized babies went to Kimberley. The canon's face was so sore with the flames that he couldn't answer them, but he managed to get the pyx and the ciborium out of the tabernacle.

They were all very excited when they stood outside watching the blaze, but the canon said that they mustn't talk to him because he was carrying Almighty God.

The whole town seemed in flames when a fire engine came at last and Canon Smith set out to carry the Blessed Sacrament to the convent. The big blowsy Jezebel from the docks went with him, because she said that she would like to chum him. The canon said that he would be quite pleased to have her company, only he said again that she mustn't talk, and he tried to explain to her what a very holy thing it was that they were doing and how ordinarily lighted candles were carried in front of the Blessed Sacrament to do God honour, but that there were times when even God had to be robbed of His ceremonial.

The air raid was still on when they reached the convent and Reverend Mother and the nuns were all up and in their habits. They brought lighted candles and formed into procession when they saw that Canon Smith was carrying the Blessed Sacrament.

CANON SMITH liked the lighted lamps the nuns carried when Canon Muldoon brought him holy communion in bed. He liked it, too, when he was anointed, with the sky outside the window and the trees still there.

"*Buon giorno, reverendo padre mio, e come sta?*" Elviro said as she came in in her junior subaltern's uniform and knelt beside the bed, but he knew from the way that she smiled at him that she didn't expect him to answer, and besides Canon Muldoon was praying out the great grim words on which his soul must shortly sail: ". . . in the name of angels and archangels; in the name of thrones and dominions. . . ." Reverend Mother was kneeling beside the bed, too, with her face all wrinkled and wise, and she took his hand in both of hers and pressed it and he knew that she was saying good-bye to him in Christ Jesus their Lord. The new young nuns were there as well, with lovely red shiny faces like apples and eyes that would never grow old, because they were Christ's brides. Lady Ippecacuanha was there, too, making great gobbling noises in her throat, and the Polish chaplain and the new Bishop.

". . . In the name of holy monks and hermits . . ." He would be seeing quite a lot of old friends soon, if God was merciful and he landed on the right side of the fence.

And suddenly as he lay there he knew the answer to it all: how the lame and the sick should be healed and how the poor should be rewarded and how God's saints might eat peas off their knives; how the banker might be last and the harlot first; how a priest's hands never failed however flat his words; how the Church was all glorious within because the freight she carried healed all her cracks; why God often chose ugly blunt men to do the task of angels; why God was patient and why priests must be patient too; how mighty was their calling and how certain their ointment; and how it was in the answer that each man gave to Christ in the silence of his soul that the fairness of tomorrow's meadows lay. It was all so simple really, and he wanted to tell them before he went, but already the shore of them lined along his bed was retreating and he had time only to cry out at the Polish chaplain.

"Don't forget to let them know there'll be Mass on Sunday in the fish market," he said.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

MODERN Man Is Obsolete is an expansion of **Norman Cousins'** thought-provoking essay of the same title that first appeared in the Saturday Review of Literature.

"The beginning of the Atomic Age," says Mr. Cousins, "has brought less hope than fear. It is a primitive fear, the fear of the unknown, the fear of forces man can neither channel nor comprehend."

Mr. Cousins points out that man has "leaped centuries ahead in inventing a new world to live in, but knows little or nothing about his own part in that world. He has surrounded and confounded himself with gaps—gaps between revolutionary science and evolutionary man, between cosmic gadgets and human wisdom, between intellect and conscience. The struggle between science and morals that Henry Thomas Buckle foresaw a century ago has been all but won by science."

Norman Cousins

With quiet and irrefutable logic Cousins proceeds: man must now transform from "national man to world man. Already he has become a world warrior; it is time for him to grow up and to become a world citizen. This is not vaporous idealism, but sheer driving necessity. It bears directly on the prospects of his own survival. He will have to recognize the flat truth that the greatest obsolescence of all in the Atomic Age is national sovereignty."

If man rejects this answer the other course is simple. "It requires that man eliminate the source of trouble. Let him systematically abolish science and the tools of science. Let him destroy all machines and the knowledge which can build or operate those machines. . . . Let him murder his scientists, his lawmakers, his statesmen, his doctors, his teachers, his mechanics, his merchants, and anyone who has anything to do with the machinery of knowledge or progress. Let him punish literacy by death. Let him eradicate nations and set up the tribe as sovereign. Let him, in short, revert to his condition in society in 10,000 B.C. Thus, emancipated from science, from progress, from government, from knowledge, from thought, he can be reasonably certain of prolonging his existence on this planet.

"This can be a way out—if 'modern' man is looking for a way out from the modern world."

Published by Viking Press, N. Y. Price $1.

MRS. MUIR, heroine of **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir,** by **R. A. Dick,** was afraid of a great many things, but ghosts didn't happen to be one of them. This novel of a young English widow who rented a cottage to find it already occupied by a ghost, and a profane ghost at that, is delightful reading.

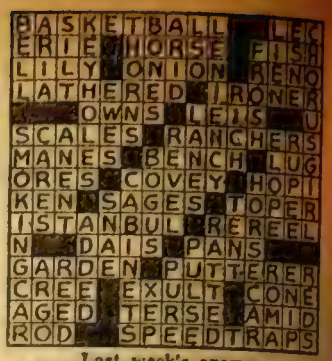
R. A. Dick

Lucy Muir had been bullied by her husband and his relatives for so long that she was an easy victim of the bullying of the very unspiritual spirit of Captain Gregg. She had her moments of revolt, and at times their different ideas about how a ghost ought to behave led to heated arguments, but sooner or later she gave in to her sea captain who, as he himself said, "did not lead a very wise life but it was a full one and a grown-up one. You come to age very often through shipwreck and disaster, and at the heart of the whirlpool some men find God."

Published by Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., N. Y. Price $2.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



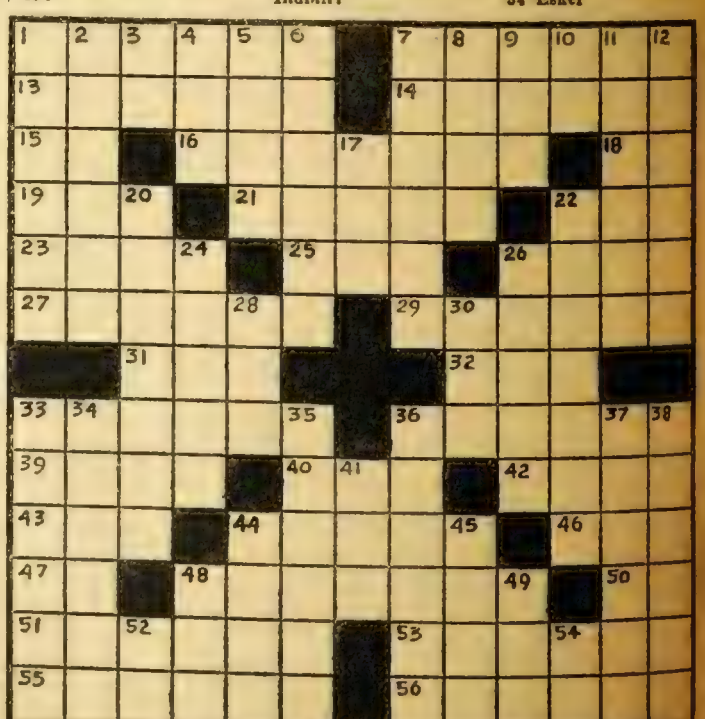
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Gustavus V rules where?
7 What was the family name of the British royal family?
13 Who collaborated with Nomura in the infamous double-cross?
14 Ankara's another name for what sheepish place?
15 ⁂
16 What lake lends its name to a North American province?
18 Connective and equalizer
19 What Greek letter would fit into the song: ——, ——, ——, Way up the river he would ——, ——, ——?
21 Several hundred thousand of whose neutral citizens fought with the British in this war?
22 How would Huck Finn spell the world's tenderest expression?
23 What's buil in Spanish?
25 Head heater
26 Sire, upend!
27 Bavarian district
29 Property
31 How many dollars is a sawbuck?
32 1/1000th of an electrical inch
33 Pieces of personal property
36 About 92 per cent of American pianos could use a good what?
39 Complete: —— Belisha
40 What shrs. bring May firs.?
42 The encirclement of the what preceded the complete collapse of Germany in '45?
43 What suffix makes nouns of verbs? (pl.)
44 What is said to knit up the ravell'd sleave of care?
46 What was F. D. R.'s first experiment in production control?
47 Complete: Roll ——, thou deep and dark blue ocean!
48 What's a twill cotton-and-wool weave, slightly napped?
50 Complete: —— You —— or —— You Ain't My Baby?
51 What Tarkingtonian might be said to be Henry Aldrich's precursor?
53 Makes a low, monotonous, moaning sound
55 Complete: She —— to Conquer
56 Who invented the reaping machine?

VERTICAL

1 Scotch and Greek males have what form of dress in common?
2 What's the treaty port on the Si?
3 What does one say hesitantly?
4 Twosome
5 White slave of old Britain
6 The coypu gives what fur to womankind?
7 Who is the Forgotten Man of the reign of F. D. R.?
8 The French call the U. S. A. Les Etats What?
9 Give a self-ish word
10 ——, the Poor Indian!
11 Who wrote Remembrance of Times Past?
12 What current Broadway play features a six-foot invisible rabbit?
17 Name a popular variety of port
20 Pitt, Webster, and Churchill are famous whats?
22 What is Miss Hellman's, the playwright, given name?
24 Paul Whitemanish
26 Complete this Biblical bit: And the —— came!
28 You add what to make a female of a male?
30 What's the second largest bird in existence?
33 What Egyptian king built pyramids with a payless WPA?
34 Thorne in Jap side? (anag.)
35 Grassy courses
36 What corresponded to the foxhole in World War I?
37 Relating to the nostril
38 What's the general state of a golf course?
41 What's having quite a struggle to regain its supremacy from the sword?
44 Sentimental gush
45 Pizarro conquered what?
48 To's pal
49 Sol shines in reverse
52 Complete: In Fifty-seven Languages She Couldn't Say ——!
54 Esker



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Life on the Old Plantation

. . . when gallantry and boldness typified men of action

Painted by John Alan Maxwell
Inspired by a view near
Charleston, S. C.

Envy the Colonial days if you will. But share with us a drink today that recalls those times when gracious hospitality was the accepted way of life. We ask you to taste Plantation.

Here, in this one drink, you'll find a rich, deep taste that is remindful of fine whiskey. There's an aroma that bespeaks the rare liqueur. You'll enjoy a bouquet that makes you think of magnificent brandy.

Old Fashioneds . . . Highballs . . . Manhattans take on a mellowness that proves—here is goodness.

Life is Pleasant with

PLANTATION

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Answers to What Do You Know About 1945?

ON PAGE 18

1. V-E: May 8. V-J: September 2. Let's try to bear them in mind!

2. (*a*) Colonel Larry MacPhail of the New York Yankees peddled Pitcher Hank Borowy to the Chicago Cubs for an alleged $100,000, after which Borowy helped pitch the Cubs into the World Series, which he almost won for them. (*b*) Jackie Robinson, signed by the Dodger chain.

3. (*a*) Bernadotte was the Swede who acted as first go-between in the German surrender negotiations; (*b*) "Doc" Blanchard, amazing Army back; (*c*) Eva Braun was Hitler's girl friend in life and death; (*e*) it's now Hizzoner Mayor O'Dwyer of New York; (*e*) Davis ran with the ball when Blanchard got tired.

4. Japan signed surrender papers on the U.S.S. Missouri, or Big Mo; Germany dittoed at the not too L.R.S. at Reims, France.

5. (*a*) F. D. R.'s last words. (*b*) Truman, who evidently has a comedy routine to go with that piano playing. (*c*) MacArthur, on entering Tokyo.

6. Aw, you guess. I'm tired! I'm taking an atom pill!

7. Tojo's. He committed second-class hara-kiri, failed. Received American plasma afterward.

8. (*a*) Hoop, Jr. (*b*) Polynesian. (*c*) Sergeant Frank Parker. (*d*) Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Cooke. (*e*) Both Philadelphia teams. (*f*) A strong third.

9. Harry S. Truman, when he became President. The S., by the way, doesn't mean anything.

10. The Washington D.A.R. refusal to rent their drafty old Constitution Hall to Hazel Scott, Negro nitespot pianist.

11. (*a*) Mussolini; (*b*) Himmler; (*c*) Laval; (*d*) Hitler. May their bones rest in pieces!

12. The airplane shoe stamp. Shoes went off rationing.

13. (*a*) Judge Schwellenbach, Labor. (*b*) Former Representative Clinton P. Anderson, Agriculture. (*c*) Former Under Secretary Patterson, War. (*d*) Jimmy Byrnes, State. (*e*) Fred M. Vinson, Treasury.

14. (*a*) A Bell for Adano, by John Hersey. (*b*) Harvey, by Mary Chase. (*c*) Ingrid Bergman for her work in Gaslight. (*d*) Bing Crosby for Going My Way, which also copped the Best Movie Oscar.

15. Edward Kennedy of the Associated Press, when he broke his word to Eisenhower and scooped the world on the impending surrender of the Hun.

16. The Hon. Theodore G. Bilbo, Democratic Senator from Mississippi.

17. (*a*) Every time you looked up during the World Series, Greenberg was on third. (*b*) An eager beaver is jive talk for a willing fellow. (*c*) Name of the party LaGuardia supported in the New York mayoralty campaign. (*d*) One of America's fastest jet-propelled planes: P-80. (*e*) An industrial association of Japan, ordered broken up by MacArthur.

18. The AP photographer who got that marvelous shot of the marines raising the flag on Mount Suribachi.

19.

Garland m. Director Minnelli
UNO m. Argentina
England m. Socialism
Stokowski m. Di Cicco
Allen m. Tenderleaf Tea
$12,000 weekly dowry
Outland m. Chrysler
Temple m. Agar
Belgium d. Leopold
Hutton d. Grant
(and it was for forever, too!)

20. An Army B-25 running into the Empire State Building in a heavy fog.

21. (*a*) It was seesaw between Bob Hope and the Fibber McGees. (*b*) Take It or Leave It, with Phil Baker. (*c*) The Lux Radio Theater. (*d*) Walter Winchell.

22. Clement Attlee, when he defeated Winnie for the Prime Ministership of Britain.

23. Joe Louis and Billy Conn, late of the military. Gene Tunney said he could lick either of them—right now.

24. A new, unnamed star, 10,000 times more brilliant than the sun, was discovered by Dr. Nils Tamm. What eyes!

25. Ex-Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

26. Frank Sinatra.

27. Blaze, a bull mastiff belonging to the Elliott Roosevelts (she was Faye Emerson, my dear), bumped three of the military off an Army plane on January 11 at Memphis.

28. Britain signed an armistice with the Greek ELAS and went on fighting the Germans.

29. (*a*) Ex-Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. (*b*) United Nations Organization, cooked up at the San Francisco Conference to make everybody live scrappily ever after!

30. Operation Coronet was the military plan for the invasion of Japan had the Japs not gotten wise and surrendered. Lucky Japs, and a Happy Atomic Era to you!

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE

Continued from Page 25

"Your wife is not in England?"

"No. She's in Woodville, New Jersey. I haven't seen her for a year and a half. She's the greatest girl you ever saw. Smart? She took over my business when I went in the Army. I have mills in Woodville; Annie is running them. Annie can do anything. But most of all, Annie can cook."

"Cook?" said the old duffer, interested.

"Biscuits, fried chicken, fudge. Annie waves a magic wand and marvelous things happen to food. Gosh, what a girl! Boy, do I miss her!" His face was screwed up in anguish. "Do you like chocolate cake?"

"I fancy so," said the old duffer. "But it's been so long—so very long since I saw a chocolate cake—"

"My Annie," said Jeff passionately, "can make a chocolate cake that can't be duplicated anywhere in the world. No place was there ever a chocolate cake like hers. Chocolate frosting as thick as fudge and laced with chopped nuts. Mountains and mountains of chocolate frosting as thick as that." He made it look like two inches of heaven, and then he swallowed his own saliva.

The wobbly screech of Screaming Nellie broke into a steady note. Somebody said with a loud gulp, "All clear."

AN hour later, in the Office of Supply, upstairs in the government building, Jeff's top kick, Sergeant Hannigan, called him into the office.

"Dolan!"

"Yes, sarge?"

"Dolan, I've got a three-day pass for you here," said the sergeant. "You've been asking for it; now you've got it. In the future, stop pestering me for leave."

"A three-day pass, sarge?" Jeff said timidly. "But I didn't ask for a three-day pass. I was asking about getting a leave—"

"A leave? What's wrong with three days?"

"Well, sarge, you see—I wanted to sorta see my wife."

"Go see your wife, then," snapped the sergeant facetiously. "Here's your pass."

It would only have been time off for dreaming and letter-writing to Annie for Jeff—if Captain George Spence and Lieutenant Richard Avery hadn't suddenly blown into London. They were friends of Jeff, and they never failed to look him up.

They were a handsome pair of Joes. They flew together in the Air Transport Command, Captain Spence the pilot, Lieutenant Avery the co-pilot. The ATC had dutied them to a beautiful airplane, a gigantic C-54, with which they had crossed and re-crossed the oceans of the earth with such facility that space was no longer

an obstacle in their minds, only a matter of time.

They found Jeff on his cot, rapidly acquiring myopia and writers' cramp.

"Jeff," said Captain Spence.

"Fellows!" Jeff said, springing to his feet. "Gee, I'm glad to see you guys—sirs. When did you get in?"

"We've been in," said Captain Spence. "We've been in for two days, but we were in Scotland and couldn't get down. We've got five hours to kill before take-off again. We're blowing for New York. Thought you might like to join us."

Jeff looked shocked. "For New York?"

"No," said Lieutenant Avery. "For a jaunt down Piccadilly. They just opened a super-musical at the Bellefonte with Dolores Starr. Come on, let's take a gander and drool."

"I'd sure like to join you guys—sirs—" Jeff said, wilting, "but I'm—well—I'm writing Annie."

Avery groaned. "You're always writing Annie."

"And you," said Captain Spence, "are always yearning for the shadow of Dolores Starr on celluloid."

"This is sort of a special occasion," Jeff explained. "Tomorrow is my fifth wedding anniversary. So it's a—well—a different sort of letter."

AVERY started to remonstrate, but Captain Spence restrained him. "O.K., Jeff," he said warmly. "You scribble your heart out to Annie. I'll take this goon down to the movies and sweat out Dolores Starr with him. Then we'll stop in on the way back and pick up your letter. We'll take it with us, and mail it to your Annie in New York."

"Gee, that would be wonderful!" Jeff said. "That would be a surprise for Annie." He lost his smile and sighed. "What time are you fellows—sirs—leaving?"

"Midnight," said Captain Spence.

"Heck," Jeff said. He sat down on the cot. "I sort of hoped you might have leave too. I got a three-day pass today. A three-day pass on my fifth wedding anniversary! Just long enough for me to mope around London and think of Annie. And now I won't even have you guys—sirs—to be with." He sighed.

Captain Spence looked at Lieutenant Avery. Something passed between them. They looked at Jeff and then at each other again.

"You're nuts," Avery said.

"H'mm?" said Jeff, but he saw they were talking to each other.

"I know," said Captain Spence. "It's ridiculous. Why do I think of things like that?"

"It's out of the question," said Avery.

"Absolutely crazy," said Spence.

"Court-martials, firing squads."

"It can't be done," said Spence.

Jeff's head looked as if it would fall off; it had been jerking back and forth between them.

"What are you guys—sirs—talking about?" he asked.

They ignored him.

"Well—still think I'm a fake?"
LIBERTY

"On the other hand—" Spence said.

"—it's not impossible," Avery said.

"He's got a three-day pass."

"We'll have plenty of time."

"Only laying over twelve hours in New York—"

"Then right back."

"What an idea!"

"It'll sound good in our memoirs!"

They faced him now.

"Corporal Dolan."

Jeff stared at them. "Have you guys—sirs—gone crazy?"

"Jeffrey," said Dick Avery, "how would you like to be in Woodville, New Jersey, this week end?"

"I'd like it fine," Jeff said slowly. "Gee, with Annie! Wouldn't it be wonder—" He suddenly went rigid. "*What are you guys—sirs—thinking?*"

They rolled their eyes and shrugged.

"We could never do it!" Jeff shouted. "We'd need Aladdin's lamp!"

"We haven't got Aladdin's lamp," Avery smiled.

"But we have got," said Captain Spence, "a magic carpet."

RIDING on mailbags is not uncomfortable, even if you're nervous.

After landing in Greenland, Avery suddenly catapulted back into the plane, and rushed up to Jeff.

"For Pete's sake!" Avery said. "General Trent is going on with us. Keep your trench coat on. I told him we had a man on special detail with the mail. Don't be afraid, kid. He won't ask any questions. We have everything under control."

General Trent came aboard, smiled vaguely at Jeff as he settled down. He had a briefcase, and dug into it as the plane took off. The rest of the flight was uneventful.

When the C-54 transport landed at Mitchel Field, the general got off first.

"Now listen," Avery hissed to Jeff. "Carry off your own bag as if it were the general's. Follow right along with him as if you were his aide, and you'll get by. Better call your wife right away, and wait for us. We'll go into town with you, and for Pete's sake don't faint!"

Jeff followed the general like a shadow, everyone saluting them all over the place as they went. And finally Jeff was safely off the post.

HE met Captain Spence and Dick Avery outside. They took him into town, right to Pennsylvania Station. Jeff called Woodville, New Jersey.

"Annie?"

"DARLING!"

"Shh!"

"Are you calling all the way from England?" Annie cried.

"Shh!" Jeff said. "Is Nellie there?"

Nellie was there all right. Jeff could hear her shouting her head off in the background. Darn it all, Nellie knew now that he had called. Nellie was their maid, a forty-five-year-old spinster.

"Annie, listen," he said. "Tell her I *am* calling from England."

Annie gasped, "But aren't you?"

"No," he said, hushed. "I'm right in New York, and I'm going to get the first train down. But, for gosh sake, Annie, it's a secret! I sneaked home to see you. I'm AWOL. They'd hang me, or something, if they found out."

"Oh, Jeff—" Annie gasped.

"Get rid of Nellie. I'll come in on the midnight train; it's the only one I can get. Meet me by the station, down by the empty lot, and *don't breathe a word!*"

"O.K., darling," Annie said, suddenly cool. "Thanks for calling me *all* the way from England. Good-by."

"Gulp," Jeff said, and hung up.

By the time he got back to Captain Spence and Lieutenant Avery at the information desk, he was shaking.

"We can't leave him like this," Avery said, worried. "He'll go up in smoke if an M.P. breathes on him."

"When does your train go?" Captain Spence asked.

"Four hours," Jeff said. "Only train I could get."

"Four hours," said Captain Spence. "Dick and I are going to the Bongo Club. It's full of Dolores Starr. She's making a personal appearance and Richard has a rampant libido on the subject. He wants to see her. You come with us, and we'll get you back here in time for your train."

"But I don't want to miss my train—"

"You'll never catch that train if we leave you here," Avery said. "You look like something a German submarine landed on the east coast."

The captain of waiters at the Bongo Club led the three to a ringside table.

"Hey, Joe," yelled Dick Avery to a waiter.

"Yes, Mr. Avery?"

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"Fix it so Miss Starr will sing her number to me, will you?" He grinned and crossed a palm with baksheesh.

Dolores Starr came in then, sat on her piano, and sang her songs to Lieutenant Avery. Jeff got a thrill out of that. After all, a movie star! Singing to one of his best friends—sir!

She finished, and the applause finally died away. Dick Avery rose as she came by, asked her to join them.

"Thank you," Dolores Starr said.

When the house photographer came by, Avery nabbed him. "A photo, my friend, of this fine group for auld acquaintance and lang syne."

"O.K., Miss Starr?" the fotog asked.

"O.K., Louie." Dolores smiled.

He stood off and aimed his camera. It suddenly occurred to Jeffrey Dolan that he was supposed to be—at this photographic moment—in London.

"I'm not supposed to be here!" he panted as he ducked. The light bulb flashed simultaneously. He rose.

"You loused the shot," Louie said.

"Listen, fellows—sirs—I'm sorry," Jeff said. "I think I'd better go down to the station and wait for the train. I get nervous in public."

"Leave him go," said Avery. "I wash my hands of this man. But you be back at Pennsy Station, info booth, bright and early 8 A.M. Monday, general. We sail at eleven hundred hours EWT."

Jeff tripped over Louie the fotog as he left, staggered across the dance floor, and as he headed for the exit, he came face to face with a face that staggered him with its familiarity.

"Oh, my gosh," he said to himself, "it's Everett Thorndyke!"

Everett Thorndyke was a big man in Woodville, the vice-president of the local bank. Nobody had ever heard of him in New York, except several blonde *femmes fatales* with whom he consorted on infrequent business trips to the metropolis. One of these was now with him.

A heavy hand fell on Jeff's shoulder.

"Listen, Jeff," Thorndyke began. "If you ever mention to anyone—like my wife—that you saw me here with—ah—companions—"

"M-me?" Jeff said. "There's some mistake. Never saw you before in my life."

"Just," Thorndyke forced the words through his teeth, "remember that."

"Never saw you before," Jeff swallowed. "Never'll see you again. Good night, Mr. Brackenbush."

JEFF crept off his train like a shadow. He looked to the vacant lot. There was the car. He skulked across the shadows of the night to it and climbed in.

"Annie," he whispered.

"Oh, my darling—" Annie said.

They embraced each other and he kissed her gently and then passionately and finally gently again.

They drove home quickly, went into the house furtively, clinging to each other. Annie pulled the kitchen shades down and turned on the lights.

On the table, set to perfection, was a roast chicken, pickles, homemade bread and preserves, biscuits, and a magnificent chocolate cake, a cake which outdid anything Annie had ever designed before.

But somehow, when a rooster crowed in the dawn's early light, not a fragment of the food had been touched.

"But, Annie darling," Jeff said, "there was so much to say and do, I couldn't waste my time *eating*. I'll have to live on these happy hours the rest of the war!"

But he couldn't stop looking at that chocolate cake.

"Darling, take it with you!" Annie cried. "I haven't any box. I'll wrap it in wax paper." She didn't have any. She grabbed the morning newspaper off the doorsill and folded that around the cake, and then she tied it hastily with twine. "Eat it on the way back and give some to your nice friends. And tell them I thank them from the bottom of my heart."

"I'll tell 'em, honey."

The dream was ended. They kissed good-by.

"And don't worry," Annie said. "Business is fine. Everything is good. No one saw you. I'll follow out everything you said. I love you."

BY the time he reached the information booth at Pennsylvania station, Jeff Dolan was forty minutes late.

"We'd almost given you up," Captain Spence said heavily. "Let's get out to Mitchel right away."

They caught a cab in front of the station and went uptown, crossing the Triborough into Queens, and then roaring out to Mitchel Field. When they reached the post, Jeff was dragging his tail like a war criminal once more. Everything went well until they hit the air strip.

There stood a sentry. He had a rifle. He had a bayonet. He had a mean look in his eye. He had been on guard long enough to be annoyed. He was not a happy character.

"Identify," he said.

"Captain George Spence, ATC. We're flying out in that ship. Here are my papers."

"Pass through."

"Lieutenant Richard Avery, ATC. Co-pilot of that ship. Here are my papers."

Jeff stood there, the cake in one hand, his bag in the other.

The sentry stared at him. "Well?"

"Corporal Jeff Dolan."

"He's our flight engineer," said Spence.

"Best four-motor man in the ATC," said Avery.

"Lemme see your I.D.," said the sentry.

"My—my—"

"Lemme see yer papers."

Jeff said, "My papers?" But no sound came out.

"Sure," Spence gulped. "Show him your papers. Hold the cake for him, sentry. And be careful with that chocolate cake."

The sentry raised a brow. "Chocolate cake?"

"Yes," said Jeff. "My wife baked it. She bakes the best chocolate cake—"

"Sure smells good," said the sentry.

"Want a hunk?" Jeff said.

"It wouldn't go bad," said the sentry.

Jeff ripped open the newspaper and borrowed the sentry's bayonet to cut a piece of the magnificent cake. The sentry took a bite. "Geez, what a cake!" he said. "You showed me your papers, didn't you? Pass through."

They boarded the plane, checked out, revved, taxied, and took off.

BY the time Jeff got back to London town, there was very little cake left. Carrying his bag in one hand, the last piece of paper-wrapped cake in the other, he was on his way to the government building to report in when Screaming Nellie blew off in that wobbly note. Jeff ran for the raid shelter—but quick.

There was the same old crowd. Next to him sat the old duffer.

"Hello," said the old duffer.

"Hi," Jeff said. He took a peek to see if the cake had been mashed. A whiff of it wafted up and dilated the old duffer's nostrils.

"What a miraculous odor!" said the old duffer.

Jeff stared at him and smiled. "It's a cake," he said. "Like I was telling you on Friday."

The old duffer inhaled deeply. Then his eyes popped. "But you said—"

"Never mind the pillows—I don't need any this year!"

LIBERTY

"Sure. My wife bakes the best cakes in the world. Just like I told you. This is one."

"But it smells so fresh—surely the Army mail service isn't shipping chocolate cakes fresh from oven to consumer—"

"Want a hunk?"

Jeff unwrapped the last piece. It looked gorgeous. The old duffer stared at it in disbelief. "I haven't seen a bit of pastry like that in five interminable years," he said. He accepted it and ate. Jeff watched his glow of satisfaction with elation.

"Some cake, eh?"

"Obviously an illusion," said the old duffer. "But so fresh! Just baked! How—possibly—"

Jeff felt safe. He was back in London. He whispered, "Went home. Special mission. Secret. Don't say anything. My wife baked that cake for me."

"I see she did," said the old duffer. He was staring at the date line of the Woodville Star in which the cake had been wrapped. It was that of the day before.

"Young man," said the old duffer, "I hope this bit of lend-lease may be reciprocated in our time. The memory of that chocolate cake will last me now until the end of the war!"

NINE months had passed since Jeffrey Dolan had last steamed into Woodville, New Jersey, on the train from New York. Then he had been a corporal. Now, with eighty-six points on his Army record, he was a civilian, going home. Jeff looked at everything with a glad eye. The train had passed by his mills coming in. He saw them proudly. Home! He had candy and flowers under his arm. This time he wanted to run into everyone.

But the only one he ran into at the station was Miss McNish, his old schoolteacher. She was waiting for a northbound. She caught his eye and she looked away. Well, maybe he had changed. But as he approached her, she dived quickly into her magazine.

"Miss McNish," he said, "don't you remember me, Jeff Dolan? I'm just home from the war!"

"H'mm?" she said absently.

"Jeff Dolan! You taught me algebra!"

"Oh, yes," she said worriedly. "Does your—wife—know you're coming?"

"I'm surprising her," he said.

"You're surprising *her!*" she said. "It's great to be home."

Miss McNish patted his shoulder. "Cruel war, dear," she murmured. "Things have changed. I do hope that you—well—don't let anything make you forget that you are a hero, Jeffrey. Remember, no matter what life does to you, *you* are the captain of your soul—the master of your fate—"

Jeff stared at her. "Thanks," he said and started off.

For the first time, the gate to the

Dolan house was closed. The blinds were down.

Jeff ran up the walk. He rang the bell.

Nellie answered. She looked very severe and had a towel in her hands. When she opened the door and saw who it was, she let out a shriek and ran. Jeff rushed into the house—and she turned back and burst into tears.

"It's Annie!" he cried. "What's happened to Annie?"

Nellie only shook her head.

Jeff rushed up the stairs.

The door to their big old-fashioned bedroom was open. He rushed in.

At first he only saw the form of Annie lying on the bed. And then he saw beside her a tiny bundle.

"Hello, Jeff," she whispered weakly. "Darling—welcome home! This is your son." And then she began to laugh and cry at the same time.

When he had got over the first daze at being a father, elation set in. Jeff walked on air to the drugstore. There were all his old cronies: Walter, the druggist; Lem Stubbs, whose farm he'd visited when he was a kid; Jim Burley, just out of a sailor suit: and Emery Bartlett.

"Have you heard?" Jeff asked. "Walter, give me a box of Corona-Coronas! Eight - pound - six - ounce baby boy! Looks just like me!"

Walter handed him the box.

"Have one," said Jeff. "My dad passed 'em out to you right on this spot when I was born. He always said I'd do the same thing. Great little job Annie did when I was gone!"

He looked up. The silence and bitterness and sympathy on the faces doused him like cold water.

"What's wrong?" he said.

WALTER stepped up and slapped him on the shoulder.

"I knew you'd act like that, son. I said to myself, he'll stand by her. You're in a tough spot, boy. I wish your dad was here to help you out."

"Look, Jeff," said Emery Bartlett. "You ain't going to go on living like before, are you?"

Jeff set the cigars back on the counter.

"Why, you—" he gasped; then shouted, "I'd like to poke you all on the nose! What do you mean, saying anything against my Annie? She's the bravest, sweetest—"

Walter interrupted.

"Don't be a fool, son. *You've been away nearly two and a half years.* Now, no known case in medical record—"

Jeff said, "I'd like to push your face in. I was home last summer. Nobody saw me. I wasn't supposed to come. But I did. I arrived on the last night express, and I left on the first the next morning."

There was a silence.

"Don't you *believe* me?" sputtered Jeff. "What makes you think I'd lie about it?"

Still there was silence.

"All right," said Jeff. "I've got a witness, and when I get this thing straightened out, I'll make you all eat crow. That's the kind of friends a man has!"

But walking down the street to the house, he remembered how Annie had cried. "Poor kid!" he said. "Just like her, not to tell me."

It didn't take long for Jeff to remember that night at the Bongo Club, and the fact that Everett Thorndyke had seen him only an hour or two from Annie's side.

"Of course!" he said, snapping his fingers, his face lighting up.

"Something good, darling?" Annie asked from the bed.

"Good as gold," Jeff said. "I've got a witness, Annie. A solid citizen. Our worries are over."

JEFF'S approach to Everett Thorndyke's office at the First National Bank was definitely on the chipper side. He got the stall for a few minutes from Thorndyke's secretary, but even this failed to dampen his optimism. Finally Thorndyke rang for him. He went in with enthusiasm, and wrung Everett Thorndyke's hand, which melted in his own like a cold dead fish.

"You came to see me about the reconversion loan," said Thorndyke; continuing hastily before Jeff could deny it: "I guess you haven't had a chance to go over your books yet at the mills, my boy, but things are not so good. The loan has not been granted. The bank is evaluating the risk involved."

"Wait a second," Jeff said. He stood up. "I didn't come about any loan. I came about Annie. You know what's been said around this burg. You could have stopped it."

"I?" said Thorndyke. "I?"

"You know darn well I snuck back home last August. I saw you in the Bongo Club with that blonde."

"I do not," said Thorndyke, "know what you are talking about. It's true I saw some one just like you in New York, but when I accosted the fellow, he denied he was you and called me Brackenbush. Remember? So I couldn't possibly—"

"But maybe you could possibly recall that blonde you were with," Jeff snapped, "and Dolores Starr singing."

"We are evaluating," said Thorndyke nastily, "the risks in granting Dolan Mills this loan. The more you say, the greater the risks seem to be."

Jeff stared at him. "Why, that's—that's blackmail!"

"I don't doubt," said Thorndyke, "that you are the father of your son. I don't doubt that you can procure other witnesses to prove that you returned home last August—but I am not one of them. And I hope you are fully aware of the fact, and the reconversion loan."

"Why, you—"

"Good to see you again, my boy," said Thorndyke. "Drop in again some time."

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

OVER THE HILL

Continued from Page 27

But he'd bought the pole, like he managed somehow to buy just about anything Joe Canyon ever wanted. And once Joe had learned how to cast and started taking bass that had used to scorn their baited hooks, Gabe had been as tickled about the outfit as a kid with a new red wagon.

But they'd never caught that big bass. He wouldn't strike their plugs or touch live bait. So they'd rigged up this special spinner for him.

Then that drunken driver ran down old Gabe. And the draft caught Joe. The spinner had never been wet.

Joe turned from the window. He picked up the .22 rifle and climbed back down the ladder. He knew what he had to do. Gabe had figured out that spinner and helped to build it. And now Joe had to give it a trial.

Joe guessed an urge like that wouldn't make sense to anybody else.

He cracked the door open an inch or two and looked out. He was taking chances, all right, fishing in the creek. But not too many. This section of ranch land that had reverted to the Allison heirs at Gabe's death was pretty remote from the main ranch headquarters. And once down in the canyon, the cliffs and overhanging trees would scr en him as long as he stayed inside the gut.

The sound of the white water spilling over the falls was like an old familiar song heard once again. He fished the pool below the falls first. And when a little bass struck, snapping the line taut and leaping clear of the water, some of the galling bitterness drained out of Joe.

There was nothing wrong with that homemade lure he and Gabe had built; a fish would take it.

He moved downstream. The cliff walls pinched in. They were high walls and festooned with long streamers of green fern. The water was silent here, with barely a hint of movement around the up-ended roots of a drift log jammed into a cleft in the rocks. It was in the shadow of those roots that the big bass had stayed. Joe took careful aim and shot the guinea-feather lure toward the log.

It was as if the bass had been lying in wait for it. He met the spinner at the surface. He met it with jaws spread wide. The jaws snapped shut and the fish lunged half out of the water, shaking himself. He twisted sideways with a slap of his tail, then bored deep.

The little rod whipped double as Joe Canyon set the hook. He felt the weight of the bass then and knew he had more fish than an old line could stand. He eased his thumb pressure on the reel, letting it run.

The taut line ripped through the water as the bass shot across the pool. He came to the top again, lunging and fighting to shake the hook. Then he headed straight down the middle of the pool, reeling off line at a speed that burned Joe's thumb.

JOE stepped into the pool to follow the fish. He had their big bass on, all right. All he needed now was for Gabe to come running along the bank, telling him how to land it.

The advice, when it came, was so much like Gabe's that Joe hardly noticed it was a girl giving it.

"Don't let him get around that rock," she called sharply. "He'll cut your line!"

Joe shoved the tip of his bent rod to one side and put enough pressure on the reel to swing the bass away from the submerged rock. Then he shot a look toward the bank.

The girl came running along the narrow game trail under the cliff. Joe got a glimpse of a red shirt and blue-jeans and hair the color of frost-browned leaves. Then her frantic warning switched his attention to the bass.

"You're giving him too much line!" she kept repeating.

Before he thought, Joe was handing the girl the same answer he'd always had for Gabe.

"You can't just horse out a big fish!" he shouted. "You've got to give him line!"

"But he'll get into the shoals below the pool! You'll lose him there!"

Joe could see now that she was right. The shoals were just ahead, and once a bass as large as this got a swift current pulling with him, nothing short of a lariat could stop him.

Joe snatched a water-polished rock from the bank and flung it ahead of the bass. He'd stopped runaway fish that way. But he didn't stop this one. The bass swerved from the splash, but he had his escape route picked out and he kept going.

The pool grew shallow where the water spilled over a flat lip of rock and swept into a narrow channel. Joe saw the dorsal fin of the bass cleave the surface there, then the flash of his silvery side. The bass hit the fast current with a triumphant splash.

At the same instant Joe saw a scramble and heard the girl's cry of excitement as she waded in to grab for the fish. She went to her knees in the current. Then she was on her feet again, stumbling through knee-deep water, hurrying toward the bank, with the fingers of each hand clutched in the bass's gills.

She flung the fish out on a gravel bar, then ran to catch him again as he flounced toward the water.

"We got him!" she cried exultantly. "Oh, isn't he a beauty!"

Joe waded toward her, reeling in slack line. He got his first real look at her then. She was sixteen, maybe seventeen, with something of the freshness and beauty of the woods about her. An eager friendly warmth shone in her brown eyes.

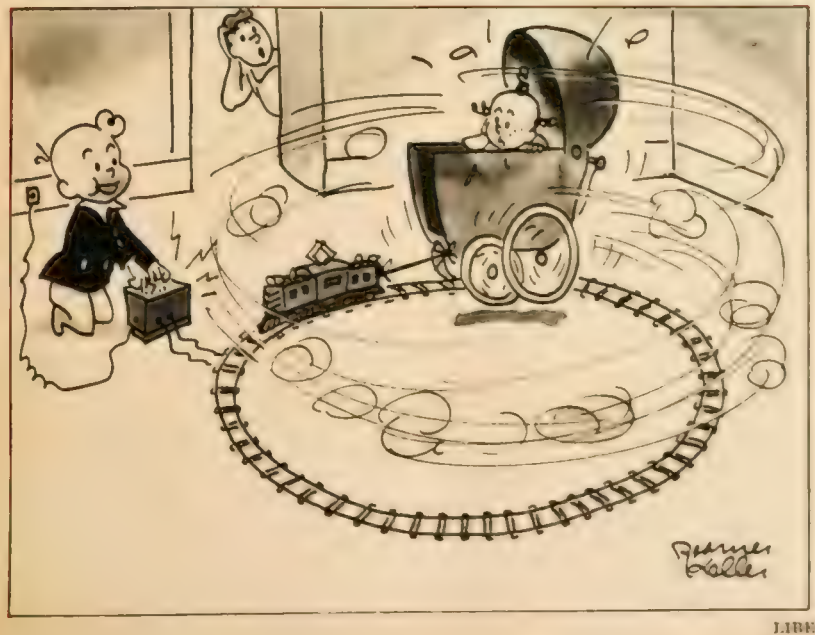
HE halted at the bank and stood silent in the water, vaguely disturbed. He had an odd feeling that he'd just found something he hadn't even known he was looking for.

She left the fish to come and shake hands with him, Texas-like.

"You're Joe Canyon!" she said. "I'm Betty Hunter. Dad bought the ranch here, where you used to live. We read about you in the Sun Flat Eagle, about how your platoon was cut off and some of your buddies were so nearly frozen that they couldn't move and you went out and captured enough German prisoners to pack them back through the holes you blasted through enemy lines. That was great! We'd wondered if you'd maybe come back here sometime."

Her rush of words brought him up like a slap in the face. Fighting that bass had made him forget. Now somebody knew where he was. Now

HARDTACK



LIBERTY

the military could get a lead on him.

He realized that she was still talking, that he was missing part of it.

"I've got a skillet on my horse," she was saying. "He's right down the creek yonder. I've got bacon grease to fry him in—and bread. I mean—well, if you meant—well, if you meant to cook it here and don't have other plans—"

He could see that she was confused now, realizing suddenly that she had been too eager. That was easy to read in her frank eyes—the hope that he'd take it the right way and not think her bold.

It wasn't a thing a soldier would want to turn down, holding a fish fry on the bank of the creek with a girl like this. The girls he'd met around the USOs—they'd never been interested in the outdoors. They'd wanted to follow the crowds. And it was the crowds that he loathed.

But staying here with this girl long enough to cook and eat a fish—that was dangerous. She might ask the wrong questions. He might say too much—or not enough.

He saw a flush creeping into the girl's face and knew he'd been too long in answering.

"I'll clean him," he said bluntly, "while you get the skillet and grease."

It was her look of shy embarrassment that had forced him to say that. Seeing the smile that lit her face now made him glad that he had.

"I'll hurry," she said. She moved away, then called back, "You better start a fire, too!"

She turned at the edge of the clearing, smiled and waved a hand, then disappeared into the cottonwoods lining the stream.

HE stood and stared at the dark prints her small wet oxfords had made in the sand. He told himself that everything was all right. He could have this day and still go. He was on furlough. All he had to do was let on that his leave was up, that he had to get back. Then, tonight, he could skip out, like he'd planned. A nice friendly kid like this one would never suspect.

That slow sullen anger burned him again. If things had been different, he wouldn't be forced to lie to her. If things had been different, they could have maybe spent a big part of his furlough together. And then, when he went back—

But things weren't different. And he wasn't going back. It had taken him a long time to make up his mind about that. He'd be a fool now to change it.

Sure, she was friendly now. But how long would she be, once she'd learned what the rest knew? How strange riders had come by one night twenty years ago to call old Gabe out of the shack and tell him where to find a baby down here in the canyon.

Later, Gabe trailed that bunch of riders to the Rio Grande, but he'd found out nothing. So he'd come home to rear an unknown child whom he called Joe, for one of his dead brothers, and Canyon because of the place he'd found him.

That had been fine until Joe grew up. Then he'd learned that just a made-up name like that wasn't good enough for people lucky enough to inherit one. Even the military had raised a fuss about it every time he had to sign a paper that called for the names of his parents.

Iron-shod hoofs cracked against the rock behind him. Joe wheeled. A man on a black horse rode out of the brush. The man's blue eyes were on Joe, moving over him with slow deliberation.

The newcomer reined in his horse and nodded. "You're Joe Canyon, I reckon," he said. He glanced briefly down at the bass, then his eyes centered on Joe again.

Joe felt uneasy. "I'm Joe Canyon," he said in a guarded voice. He saw

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Asked by his teacher to name the Great Lakes, a tot replied, "Michigan, Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario, and Veronica!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

no point in denying that now. The girl had already recognized him.

"I'm Jim Hunter," the man said.

Joe knew nothing to say to that, so he stood there while the man fished for tobacco and papers. He twisted up a cigarette and stuck it between sunburned lips, but didn't light it. His keen eyes continued to probe Joe Canyon, and the boy felt himself grow tense, steeling himself against the impact of that look.

The man said bluntly, "You don't look like the kind to tuck your tail and run, Joe Canyon!"

Every nerve in Joe's body jangled a warning.

"Just what are you talking about?" he demanded.

Jim Hunter dragged a match across his saddle bow and lit his cigarette. "Your tracks coming in," he said, "say you quit the bus before you got into town last night. In your pack, back at the shack, is a road map of Texas. But I notice the route between here and the Rio Grande that you've penciled off dodges every road. It wasn't hard to figure from there on."

The blood drained out of Joe Canyon's face. This stranger had him dead to rights and the boy knew it. He could lie, but he knew it wouldn't get him anywhere.

Joe knew instantly what he had to do. He moved a couple of steps nearer, balancing his weight on the balls of his feet.

"Maybe you're right," he said gently. "Maybe I do aim to blow. And maybe you figure to do something about it."

If the stranger noticed Joe Canyon's stance or the way he'd stepped forward, he gave no sign. "I guess I could stop you, all right—" he began, but Joe Canyon's short ugly laugh cut him off.

"I don't stop easy," Joe said.

The man lifted shaggy eyebrows. "I know," he said. "I read about how hard you was to stop. That's the puzzler. How come you've lost your guts now?"

Stung, Joe Canyon lashed out. "Guts, hell!" he rasped. "Guts have got nothing to do with it. I've just got a bellyful of the Army. It's a great country we've fought for. Only, the ones who own it aren't in the Army!"

HE was started now and he couldn't stop. "Look at old Jess Bird's farm down on Honey Creek. Is old Jess's boy Tobe in? Hell, no! He got the draft board to defer him as a peanut grower!

"Look at Ted Allison, old Curry Allison's son. He's too busy to go in the occupation army, too. He's too busy getting rich off the fat Hereford cattle his daddy handed over to him the minute that the war started!

"But Joe Canyon, now. He can stay in and help police some godforsaken island. He's got nothing better to do. And you know why? Because old Curry and his boy Ted stole the land Joe Canyon might have been raising fat cattle and peanuts on!"

Jim Hunter remained silent.

"Sure, they did it according to law," Joe continued bitterly. "Old Gabe never got around to fixing up the papers that'd make me his heir. But it was common knowledge that he aimed to will me this land; he'd told it around aplenty. The law didn't consider Gabe's wants, though. Gabe was dead. So Curry and Ted took the land and sold it to you. And who paid any attention to Joe Canyon? Nobody. He didn't amount to anything. He didn't even have a name!"

He stood trembling, breathing hard, watching Jim Hunter. He knew he could get the man, any time he wanted to. Hunter might think he was safe, sitting there on a horse ten feet away, and Joe with nothing but his bare hands. But a time or two there in Germany, those bare hands had been enough to silence Nazi guards. Enough to silence them for all time.

The long face of Jim Hunter softened. "I'd done figured something about like that was eating on you," he said gravely. "Me 'n' Betty heard about all that, after we bought in here. The Allisons, they never helped their standing in this county none when they pulled off that deal!"

"But they got the land!" Joe flared. "They got the land and sold it and kept the money. And now I'm expected to keep burning hot with patriotism and go on to some stinking island just to protect—Like hell!"

Jim Hunter nodded. "You got a right good argument built up," he admitted calmly. "But you're over-

looking one big bet. Something the Allisons can't steal."

"Like what?" Joe snapped.

Jim Hunter frowned, groping for words. "They got a bunch of high-sounding names for it," he said. "Pride, self-respect, dignity. It don't matter. It's what a man's got to have if he aims to live with hisself."

He fumbled with his cigarette, broke it, and tossed it away. "Old Gabe had it," he said. "It's what had you and half the rest of the folks in this country thinking the sun rose and set in him—when the Allison name's had a scummy scent to it around here for half a century. And now you'd throw it all away—after you've come through all kinds of hell. You'd get a dishonorable discharge, you know—and that means you could never vote, never hold your head high around here. And you'd spend more time in the guardhouse than you have left to serve in the Army. Use your head, son."

He looked straight at Joe.

"And speakirg of names," he said, "I knowed a gent once with the best kind of a name. But he woulda throwed it away for a penitentiary number if Gabe hadn't lent a helping hand. And it'd do that gent a sight of good if he could maybe pass that help along."

He didn't look back again; he just touched spurs to his horse and moved him toward the brush. "Come on up to the house, if you'd like to talk it over," he invited. "We've built in that grove at Cedar Springs."

JOE stood there and watched the black horse breast into the thickets and the brush close after them, and the boy knew who this Jim Hunter was. He was the wild reckless youngster from down Uvalde way whom Gabe had helped to round up, along with that Frio River horse-thief bunch. That had been long before Joe's time. But Joe had heard it talked aplenty when he was a boy, how Gabe had helped to run that young outlaw down and then spent half a good ranch in lawyer fees saving him from conviction.

A rush of emotion brought a stinging mist to Joe Canyon's eyes. He understood now what Jim Hunter had been trying to say. He could see old Gabe reaching up out of his grave, so to speak, lending him a hand over a rough spot. Just like he'd always done.

The long-knotted tension inside Joe Canyon broke.

Down the creek he saw Betty Hunter putting the big roan horse she rode into a rough crossing. The girl saw him and waved a skillet. and Joe Canyon thought, She's just a kid now. But she'll grow up. And when I get back in six months or a year—I'd come back with pride and self-respect—

He knelt, then, to clean the bass, and above him a mockingbird leaped high out of the top of a pecan tree, making the canyon ring with song.

THE END

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UNCLE DAN AND THE BLACK PEARL

Continued from Page 32

"Nothing much, Dan. The town's pretty dead. We can't even make a go of a bond issue." He told how the proposition for a baseball field, tennis courts, and boathouse had come up for the third time and been soundly beaten. "Mr. Beehimer and the other big taxpayers were too much for us. I think it would have passed," pop went on, "if we weren't having the trouble with the Reverend James West."

"Who's he?"

"A colored preacher."

PREACHER WEST had come to town six months before and set up a revival tent down by the glue works. He'd made a hit with Clarinda's darktown.

"At first he preached fire and brimstone and concerned himself with the Hereafter," said pop, "which was good fundamentalism. It was when he began hollering about the Present and Now, and tub-thumping for better garbage removal, drainage, and housing down there in Goat Hollow that the objections started. I'll admit he has a case. The Teetman School's plumbing is a disgrace—it's been in for fifty years without much attention, and the whole building was condemned and should have been torn down twenty years ago.

"But this Reverend West went too fast. He didn't stop with denouncing conditions from his tent. He led a delegation to the city council and asked for a new school, sewers, a playground for the colored kids, and a tuberculosis survey. When the council dallied, he organized a band with hoes and rakes. He went to Angus Southwark and got him to lend a vacant lot near the Southwark mattress and pillow factory for a playground. He turned the colored boys and girls into it and they built a backstop and a baseball field, where they yell and screech like banshees. And lately this uplifter has started to build a permanent frame church. Mr. Beehimer thinks it will be headquarters for rabble-rousing. He has refused it a bank loan. Reverend West says he'll go ahead and erect his church if he has to put a carpenter's apron and overalls on the Lord himself."

"I'd like to see this feller," said Uncle Dan.

"He's a gangling old codger, black as a coal shovel, with big hands and arms like flails and a mighty earnest tongue. But building that play lot came at the wrong time. White voters figured that if the colored population is that sports-minded, they'd soon take over all the playfields we could install, so why install 'em? The bonds didn't have a chance."

I guess Uncle Dan, over the next two weeks, didn't find time to look in on the Reverend James West. When Uncle Dan comes to town, there's always the Argus press to fix, and the linotypes, and this year there was the delinquent-tax list to set up. Uncle Dan's a first-rate journeyman printer. But he also likes to see old friends. All he has to do is sit down on a bench in Courthouse Square, and the oddest people gather around him. Plain, ordinary people like Frank Muldoon, who guards the railroad crossing; or Harry Twoomey, who minds the city dump; or old Jim Plate, the blind man who fixes chairs.

The last day of October came. That's a pretty important date with the boys in Clarinda. Uncle Dan heard Tommy and me talking. We'd learned that the bigger boys were going to have their Halloween fun down in Goat Hollow. The word went around that they were going to pull down the backstop to the new baseball field and make a bonfire of it.

"Sounds like a big time," said Uncle Dan. "I always did enjoy a good fire. I'd like to go along and watch the sparks."

Before supper, Tommy and I were feeling so full of steam that I went to our room to get my boxing gloves. We thought we'd better blow off before mother and pop noticed how excited we were at supper table. I couldn't find my Levinson gloves. I decided mother must have ditched them on account of how Tommy's nose bleeds so easily.

We ate our supper and got out fast. Uncle Dan saw us go, but he didn't say anything. He was sitting on the porch, telling mother and pop how he'd lived for five weeks with a family in Korea who were exactly like us Tuckers of Clarinda.

It was good and dark when we started for Goat Hollow. We saw other boys headed that way. They walked by twos and threes, so as not to attract notice. Some of the older ones carried bats and ax handles. I saw Eddie Josephs and Butch Kelly and Frank Cusick, who always take the lead in anything that's doing.

WHEN we reached the Hollow, there were already about fifty there. Others kept coming. We heard a splintering sound while we were still a block from the playground. By the time we got there, a little blaze had started. Soon it was a big blaze. That backstop just went up like a basket.

I think there were a couple hundred boys and men in the crowd by that time. The smoke smelled sharp and angry. And something was queer about the business. The kids of Goat Hollow hadn't come out to defend their property.

Nobody gave any orders for what happened next. The idea just hit everyone at once. The flames were still twenty feet high when we started drifting away. But every one of us knew what was going to happen. We were going to put a match to Reverend West's new church.

I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have gone along, or let Tommy go, if it had been a real church. I mean, a finished one with pews and all that. But this was only the floor of a church with some lumber piled in front. The people that the Reverend West had gathered into a congregation were mill folks and they were building the church themselves, whenever they found time.

The church was a half block away and the crowd began running toward it. Tommy and I ran too. By the light of our fire I saw Frank Cusick up on the lumber pile, tossing down clean-smelling pine two-by-fours to Eddie Josephs, who was stacking them against a corner of the church floor where they'd flare up nicely.

THE HOME FRONT

"I had something else in mind when I hired you for a sitter, Miss Blitcham!"

LIBERTY

But the crowd stopped in a big huddle. When Tommy and I reached the spot, we saw why. The Reverend West stood above us on the church floor, where the front door was going to be.

He was a tall man with whitish crinkly hair and the longest arms I ever saw. His tailed coat made him look taller. He put his arms up for attention.

He got it, because of the surprise. He said, "This is a House of Righteousness. I hope you all come in a kindly and well-meaning spirit."

"Nuts!" somebody yelled. A tremendous egg splattered on his chest. He tried to open his mouth again, but we couldn't hear his words. Because we were a mob. Not a crowd of boys any more, out for fun. We were a mob, and something had got into us. You could feel it, and almost hear it snap and crackle, like those flames that were eating into the backstop.

THE Reverend West was game, though. He stood right up to those couple hundred rowdies and he finally made himself heard again. "What fo' you want to break up this little church? We're harmless folks down here, behaving ourselves. All we ask is, let us have our house where we can talk to the Lord and hear the Lord talk to us."

A voice howled, "Burn the church and give the parson a coat of feathers and ride him out of town on a rail!"

It was a horrible sound, the yell that met that, and I would have grabbed Tommy and run, but I couldn't stir. I had to stay.

That was when, appearing from nowhere, like he always did, Uncle Dan arrived.

He stood there, in the light of the distant bonfire, beside the Reverend. As if the preacher, by the help of the Lord, had passed a miracle. Uncle Dan, in his derby hat, and his wrinkled face that was grinning as usual. Under his arm a parcel.

For a minute Uncle Dan just stood there. He was so odd-looking that the crowd had to laugh. The laughter started as a ripple. It turned into a wave. Uncle Dan never was one to care if people laughed at him. Finally he put his hand up for silence. And he got it.

"I've a couple of stories to tell," he said, "before we go on with our fun." He said it as if he wasn't standing beside a man who'd been hit by an egg—standing on a floor that was going to go up in flames any minute. He said it as if he was on his bench in Courthouse Square talking to people like Harry Twoomey and old Jim Plate.

"Once," Uncle Dan said, "there was a colored man the older of you have probably heard tell of. He was a mighty great middleweight. He was a colored man, and not ashamed of his skin. He fought under the name of the Black Pearl."

I wondered what he was driving

"He won't believe the stork brought him —he remembers."
LIBERTY

at. So did the Reverend West, I guess. The gangling old parson shot an inquiring look at this white man who'd shown up at his elbow.

Uncle Dan went on: "The Black Pearl fought sixty great fights before thousands of people. He won them all. Some of his opponents went out between the ropes and some went out over the ropes, but all of them hit the floor hard with their backsides. Ask your fathers, you fellers who are under twenty-five!"

"I remember!" yelled one man. "I was a kid, but I saw him fight Pittsburgh Phil on a barge off Cincinnati. He knocked Phil into the river!"

"Probably it was Saturday night anyway," grinned Uncle Dan. "Yep, this Black Pearl I'm telling you about, he whipped all the middleweights and some of the heavies, including the champion of Ireland, in Dublin City itself, and on St. Patrick's Day—and what a hand that sporting crowd gave him. He was a man," stated Uncle Dan, glancing at the Reverend West, "with long arms and great big hands, and I've sort of heard tell that after he hung up his gloves he went back to his baptized name and became a minister."

Now the Reverend James West was really looking at Uncle Dan. As I watched, his eyes rolled up and back like he was seeking inner light.

Uncle Dan waited, then took the paper off his parcel.

"I've been in lots of countries," he said, "and I've learned something. There's no place on earth where men don't enjoy a clean square fight.

"Now," Uncle Dan went on cheerfully, "we all want some fun tonight. Something real hot, like burning up a building, and this floor and that stack of wall frames yonder ought to make a jim-dandy blaze."

I kept staring at what had come out of the paper wrapping. My Levinsons.

"But the Reverend West," Dan reminded, "is the Lord's appointed caretaker of this property. Naturally, he'll try to defend it, though we're two hundred to one. Those odds are too big to give us real sport. So here's a proposition. What say three good men come forward, and each one, in turn, see if he can stay four rounds with the old Reverend here?"

"Yay!" yelled the crowd.

"If the Lord strengthens his arm and he whales all three men, one after the other, off this platform and down into that lumber pile yonder, he saves his church. If one man lasts four rounds, we burn the works. O.K.?"

"Yay! Yippee!"

"O.K., Reverend?"

The Reverend's eyes came open. The Lord had told him what to do, I guess. He took off his long-tailed coat, folded it and laid it neatly on the boards, and slipped his cuffs off and put them on the coat. He held out his two hands and let Uncle Dan ram the gloves on them and lace them up. And he stood before us, his great arms hanging loosely and his lips moving like he was talking straight to the Lord and asking Him to be referee.

"Who'll be first man?" asked Uncle Dan.

The crowd was still as death.

"No taker," exclaimed Uncle Dan, "for the first four rounds? How about the feller that heaved this egg?"

That broke the tension. Somebody crept away.

"Well," said Uncle Dan, "we'll skip the first four rounds. They're the Reverend's by default. Who'll be the second man, before the light from our bonfire goes out?"

Nobody offered to be second man.

"WELL," said Uncle Dan, "that puts a crimp in our fun. I'm sorry, too—I always did want to see something big burn up on Halloween. Let's see, wasn't there another story I promised to tell you?"

"Shoot it!" yelled the crowd, which was still laughing over the way there were no takers of the challenge.

"Well, then, I will, though it's kind of about myself. Some of you fellers know me—I go most anywhere a man can get to on an extra pair of socks.

"I found myself in Africa once, on the upper Congo. I like to have died. I'd been drinking polluted water, feeding too many mosquitoes. Some people of a village named Bopolo found me. They carried me to a house made of sticks and grass. They let me lie there till I got better, and shared their food with me. When I felt strong again, I wanted to do something for those decent fellers.

"All I could give them," said Uncle Dan, "was an idea or two. So I said, 'Look here. Am I the only feller that gets sick from bad water? Let's clean your spring out and make a course for the water to run in that won't be stagnant.' And the chief of those

Bopolo natives spoke up, 'This colored man who is visiting us talks sense. Our fathers had running water and good health. Let's take a day off and clean the stream. Three cheers for the colored man who has come among us!' "

Uncle Dan stopped, and looked us over, and went on, "Of course I was a white man and they were black, but I was different from them, so they called me colored, see? Me, Dan Toppelman. What do you think of that?"

Everybody roared, and the Reverend West laughed too. His voice boomed big and hearty. He laughed until tears sprang in his eyes and ran down his tight old cheeks.

Uncle Dan wasn't done. He held up his hand. "You know, standing here pumps the durndest notions into my head. First one is about that recreation center."

"Beehimer and Southwark and the other tightwads killed it off!" yelled Frank Cusick.

"But I wonder," Uncle Dan mused aloud, "if the folks down here in Goat Hollow haven't taught us something. They borrowed a dump heap and built a playground on it, and it's a good playground—or was, till we burned the backstop. Well, then! If they can do without help from the taxpayers, why can't we? We'll name a committee, and go to the city council and be made official, and then talk the big landowners into leasing some vacant ground."

"Name it Beehimer Park! That'll fetch it cheap from Beehimer!" shouted someone.

"Sure thing!" said Uncle Dan. "All right. We'll all turn out and dike that ground and run a ditch to it from the river. We'll flood the place for a skating rink, and charge a dime to use the rink. With the money that raises we'll start a boathouse in the spring."

"Name it Southwark Boathouse! That'll pry a couple of boats out of old Angus Southwark!" The holler raised a laugh. The scheme was really beginning to take hold.

"Smart thought, that!" Uncle Dan never took credit for any ideas that he could make people pry out for themselves. "And along about March we'll start a baseball field, everybody pitching in. When the diamond's laid out, we'll pass the hat at all games for buying lumber, and with that lumber we'll put up a grandstand just like an old-fashioned barn-raising. What say, gang?"

What they said, they said with whoops.

Uncle Dan said, "For a starter, I'll appoint Frank Cusick and Eddie Josephs and Butch Kelly and young Paul Tucker—he's the feller who lent us these professional gloves I've got here; and the Reverend West—he's talked to the city council before, so he knows how. Will you help us, Reverend?"

"Sho will," said Reverend West.

"That's what I call being a dead-game sport. Reverend, you've done a good bit for us tonight, what with lending us your distinguished presence, and offering to put the gloves on with any three men, and showing us how to get our recreation center. It strikes me we owe you something in return. Anybody got any notions?"

"Sure! Shove up his church for him!" came a yell.

"Now, that," said Uncle Dan, "is what I call a mighty fine Clarinda spirit. All right, fellers, we'll hold a practice barn-raising right now! We'll h'ist these frames up and prop 'em together, which is about all we can do without a good big light. Reverend, we'll run these frames up into place as a sign you're heartily welcome in Clarinda."

Again there were whoops, and I guess a hundred pairs of hands pushed those walls into the air. Frank Cusick took charge and he was all over, bossing and shouting; he's a carpenter's helper by trade. And I caught sight of the Reverend. He was down on his knees making sweat and hallelujahs, and the funny thing was, he still had my boxing gloves on his hands. I guess it was the first time anywhere, anyway in Clarinda, that white men came to burn a colored folks' church on Halloween and stayed to build it instead, or that a preacher made passes at the Lord with boxing gloves.

IT took three years to build our recreation center, even with Mr. Beehimer and Mr. Southwark on the committee, but we had dozens of barbecues that the Reverend West ran for us and an all-round grand good time. Now we have a football field, baseball park, tennis courts, boathouse with twenty rowboats, and a community house for dances.

But pop's still pretty doubtful about Uncle Dan because of what else happened that night. Just when we were raising the fourth side of the church and needing light the most, we got a lot of it. The rattletrap Teetman School went up in the biggest blaze in years. Pop says he's dead sure Uncle Dan gave somebody that idea too. Anyway, Goat Hollow has a new school now, the most modern in town.

"And another thing, Dan," I heard pop say, "I remember the Black Pearl. He was a mighty man all right, but he was no preacher. He was hanged in Kentucky for murder."

"So he was," said Uncle Dan, "so he was. Well, I never stated right out that he and Jim West were the same feller. In fact, if you could have heard Jim praying while we waited for somebody to step up and box him, you'd know he'd never tossed a left hook in his life."

"And, what's more," charged pop, "I've been looking in the Sporting Guide. The champion of Ireland never fought the Black Pearl."

"Well, well," sighed Uncle Dan. "It must have been two other fellers."

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

"In this town they really go for Pepsi-Cola!"

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

THROUGHOUT our service days our privileges were determined by whether we were commissioned or noncommissioned officers, petty officers, seamen, or privates. The requirements of military discipline made us willing to accept such segregation. But now, as civilians and veterans, we have the right to demand equality of treatment regardless of former rank. We are justly resentful if at any time we spot favoritism or discrimination because of former rank.

Time and experience will no doubt

Club member

prove the fallacy of such favoritism. But in an attempt to speed this, the Bulletin Board has decided to post the facts of the situation—the inside picture of what goes on in this inadvertent making of a military caste.

As all veterans—but few civilians—know, many noncommissioned and even nonranking G.I.s were equal and sometimes superior, so far as ability and leadership were concerned, to some officers. Many a fighting PFC saved a seemingly hopeless situation by a quick decision or clever ruse. Many a private actually refused a promotion because he claimed he was in the service to fulfill an obligation—not to be rewarded. Many a brainy sergeant turned down a field promotion or commission in order to retain his place in his own unit where his personal guidance was essential. The men themselves are not going to tell this, nor will their ratings or service records show it. So their capabilities go unnoticed unless a fair trial is given them to test their worth.

That rank should be respected and military discipline upheld is a first fundamental of war; but credit must be given these intelligent individuals who had the gumption to refuse advancement in a line of work for which they did not care. Imagine what they could accomplish in a line of work for which they do care! Every citizen should help give these veterans an equal chance to show what they can do.

Forget Rank, Advises WMC

Paul V. McNutt, while chairman of the War Manpower Commission, said: "A veteran is a veteran to the U. S. Employment Service, and reports that we are giving former officers the breaks on placements in civilian jobs are just plain bunk. Such reports should be labeled as a gross, if not deliberate, misinterpretation of the Commission's policy. Discrimination in any form is un-American, and we want every veteran to know there is no discrimination in the War Manpower Commission."

* * *

T/Sgt. George McRoary, APO 719, San Francisco, Calif. All members of the Armed Forces of the United States or of the Government of the Philippine Islands who served honorably on active duty at any time between December 7, 1941, and the termination of hostilities (date not yet announced) are eligible to wear the World War II Victory Medal.

* * *

Lt. H. B. Heuvel, Miami, Fla. The only qualification for becoming a member of the Caterpillar Club is that you must have bailed out of your plane to save your life. Simple, eh? The address in the United States is Caterpillar Club, c/o Irving Air Chute Co., 1670 Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

Mrs. C. T. Brannon, Oteen, N. C. Your son's personnel officer is right. He won't be entitled to mustering-out pay when he receives a discharge from the Army for the purpose of entering West Point. A provision of the Mustering-Out Payment Act of 1944 specifically excludes dischargees in this category.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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CAN WE TAME THE ATOM BOMB

Continued from Page 11

their course by some radio device, if we knew when they were coming and from what direction. But with atomic bombs there won't be any warning.

The first hint of danger is likely to take the form of a super Pearl Harbor.

This weapon places a new high premium on treachery. It still further lengthens the odds in favor of the conscienceless aggressor. All you need for atomic warfare is a supply of the explosive and a handful of secret agents operating inside the country you intend to attack.

For instance, some morning your newspapers might carry a report such as this:

"At 3.17 A.M., radios throughout the New York metropolitan area were silenced. Teletypes and long-distance telephone lines went dead. A couple of minutes later, Manhattan skyscrapers swayed as if from an earthquake.

"The disturbance appears to be centered at Philadelphia. Efforts to communicate with that city have failed."

Later editions would report that an unknown enemy had hit Philadelphia with an atomic bomb, killing 250,000.

That is how atomic war could come to the United States.

The Philadelphia holocaust could be engineered in a week. A foreigner, posing as an importer, would lease an office on the top floor of the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society Building.

Next day the "importer's" furniture would be delivered. It would include a large innocent-looking filing case.

Meanwhile, other foreign agents would be renting top-floor space and moving furniture into Manhattan's Chanin Building, Chicago's Board of Trade, Detroit's Penobscot Building, Cleveland's Terminal Tower. Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Los Angeles would receive similar attention.

Once the explosives were in place, the detonating devices rigged up, the electric timers set, each tenant would lock his office and depart. The gang would be out of the country when the bombs went off.

This could happen. And yet plenty of people deceive themselves by insisting the key to this force is ours to hold or give away. We're simply whistling in the dark when we pretend that we can withhold the formula from other nations. Official government releases have already told foreign physicists most of what they need to know about our processes. The only essential facts not divulged are the design of the bomb itself and the precise details of the methods we use to extract U-235 and make plutonium, the two explosive substances.

SCIENTISTS of several countries don't even have to start from scratch. The lessons that Italian, Danish, and various other foreign physicists learned while working on our project aren't likely to be forgotten. The British were our partners in all essential phases of the work. The Canadians not only collaborated with us, but have already built their own plutonium and U-235 extraction plants at Petawawa, Ontario.

German scientists nearly cracked the uranium riddle as early as 1944. Press reports said smart teamwork by the Czech and Norwegian undergrounds, our own intelligence service, the British commandos, and the

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

SOL-VO: Fired at sunrise.

IDI-YACHT: Dope with a boat.

POUR-NAMENT: Teapot on the mantelpiece.

BEEWARE!: Sign for a busy hive.

NONCOMPOOPS: G.I. Joes often thought so.

SELECTURE: Speech before the elite.

TWORLD: Spun around on its axis.

PICKQUICK: Fast as the Dickens.

TADPOLL: Baby bullfrog ballots.

SIMPERTHY: The kind given by a half-wit.

Eighth Air Force prevented the Nazis from beating us to the punch. We and the British have managed to corral a number of Hitler's atom smashers; but others are now working for the Russians.

And the Russians aren't exactly babes in the woods when it comes to nuclear physics. They have been wrestling with the problem as long, although not quite so intensively, as we have.

Moscow papers have printed statements about the Hiroshima bomb that I'm not permitted to talk about.

It's childish to imagine we can sit forever on this knowledge. If we go on building bombs in secret, other nations will soon be doing the same. Our uneasy planet will resemble a Wild West saloon, packed to the rafters with dynamite and thronged with desperadoes all fingering their .45s. One false move by anyone and civilization might be obliterated.

Moreover, by keeping mum we run the risk of falling behind in the race for atomic power. Bigger bombs are just ahead—bombs to make the Hiroshima weapon look like a firecracker. Secrecy will not help if it results in our continuing to turn out Model T explosives while other countries are producing Super-Eights with high-compression, fluid drive, and two million tons of TNT power.

IF there's no active defense against atomic bombs, and no hope of keeping the secret to ourselves, then what are we to do? I can suggest three alternatives:

1. We can take the bomb at once and use it to crush every nation that might ever threaten us.

2. We can start making whatever passive preparations are necessary against the day when atomic missiles will start falling on the United States.

3. We can get together with other countries before it is too late and work out measures for controlling this colossal force.

With the first scheme we could do what Hitler tried to do and failed. We could conquer the world and might not have to toss a single bomb, assuming other countries were convinced we meant business. By enslaving the rest of the world's peoples we could make certain that they would never menace us.

However, that plan goes counter to everything we Americans believe in. Any administration that seriously proposed such a solution would be impeached.

How about our chances of withstanding an atomic bomb attack? Big cities are the natural targets of this weapon. An enemy might figure that by smashing New York, Chicago, and Detroit he could force us to surrender. Or he might decide to beat us to our knees by wiping out Milwaukee, Buffalo, New Orleans, Minneapolis, and Cincinnati.

We can't possibly protect all our cities. One suggestion advanced by some is that we immediately abandon every city of 100,000 inhabitants or over and redistribute their population into smaller units. St. Louis, for example, would be broken up to make nine communities of 90,000 each. Rochester, New York, would provide citizens for four towns yet unborn.

The theory is not that it would prove impracticable for an enemy to drop bombs on cities under 100,000, but that by sacrificing twenty such communities we could purchase the time required to start tossing back our own atomic missiles. However, such a program, among other things, would mean relinquishing our democracy, for only a totalitarian government could enforce such a wholesale exodus. Moreover, even if this program were taken seriously, it would take twenty-five years at least to complete. We haven't that much time.

Finally, what are our chances of uniting with other countries to control the new force? At the moment, the prospects look hopeful. As this is written, the United States, Great Britain, and Canada have offered a plan under which co-operation can replace rivalry in the field of atomic power.

One condition might be an international agreement outlawing the wartime use of atomic missiles. Under it the United States would probably be required to destroy the weapons already built, dismantle the Los Alamos bomb laboratory, and so modify the plants at Hanford and Oak Ridge that they could not turn out nuclear explosives. In return we would get a pact by which other nations agreed to international inspection of their mines, processing plants, stock piles, and other sources of uranium power.

Such an agreement might be effective so long as today's tremendous installations are required to produce U-235 and plutonium. However, before long some obscure genius is going to hit on some way of extracting U-235 in his basement laboratory.

When that day arrives, what's to prevent some future Hitler from storing up a bootleg arsenal?

THERE'LL always be the risk of someone's cheating, so long as fifty independent nations each maintain uranium power projects. For this reason, many of the men with whom I worked agree that we've got to have a world-wide Atomic Energy Commission with police powers superior to that of any state. In short, a world government.

Would this solution work? Is it the only answer? I only know there's got to *be* an answer, and we've got to find it fast. For time is running out.

One of my associates on the bomb project confessed that he wished we'd never done it. "We had to try, but I wish we'd proved it could never be done. I don't think humanity is fit to be entrusted with this awful power," he said.

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I don't fully share his pessimism. I believe we can control the genie we've set free. Moreover, I can picture the genie performing so many marvelous tasks in the service of mankind, I don't want to put him into his bottle.

Fire in the form of a flame thrower, a block buster, or a buzzbomb is a frightful weapon. However, that's no valid reason for wishing man had never learned to light the fires that warm our homes, turn our factory wheels, propel our locomotives.

The energy locked within the atom should in time provide us with new industries and a whole new civilization. I look for some concrete results within the next ten years.

By 1956 it is conceivable that you may cross the Atlantic in a uranium-driven ocean liner. Atomic autos may never prove practical, not because they can't be built, but because nobody in his right mind will want to ride on top of the equivalent of a super-power X-ray machine.

It's not impossible, however, to imagine a uranium heating, cooling, and air-conditioning unit in your basement, since such a unit could be shielded against dangerous radiations. It may prove simpler, though, to "burn" atomic energy instead of coal in central power stations and pipe the resulting current into your home the same way it's done at present.

Uranium-electric power plants needn't be very different from the ones we have today. Atom splitting causes heat. Heat turns water into steam. Steam drives turbines. And turbines rotate electric generators. It's as simple as that. But for efficiency's sake we may decide to substitute some other material for water. A giant super-power station serving several states could be kept going on a single pound of uranium a day. It will probably prove cheaper, though, for each community to have its own unattended automatic uranium-electric plant.

PRACTICALLY any substance—salt, wood, or shoe leather, etc.,—when bombarded by the neutrons released by atom splitting, emits the same type of energy as radium. These new radiant substances will be plentiful and cheap. They will have enormous value for industry and medicine. Among other things, doctors will be able to treat deep-seated tumors which can't be reached with radium or X-rays.

Exciting economic consequences also are likely to flow from cheap uranium power. Coal mines may one day be worked not for fuel but as a source of dyestuffs, drugs, and other chemicals. And we may "mine" the sea for most of the minerals we now dig out of the ground.

Will there be enough atomic power available for us to do all of these things?

Four hundred tons of uranium a year, for example, should supply us with as much energy as we now get from all our coal, oil, natural gas, and water power. It shouldn't be difficult to find that amount. And long before uranium reserves are exhausted we'll be releasing atomic energy from thorium, which is even more plentiful.

"I told you that you couldn't teach that stupid pooch to do the figure eight!"
LIBERTY

That's only the beginning. One day we're going to learn to produce power the way the sun does: by combining particles of hydrogen to make helium. This reaction is so fierce that, by comparison, the energy released by splitting the uranium atom is like a flickering match beside a forest fire. And hydrogen comprises one ninth by weight of all the water in the ocean.

With virtually unlimited power at our command it is conceivable that we might transform the climate of the globe, create an artificial tropics in Alaska.

We might turn out gold cheaper than brass. We can even make new elements to order.

Many people ask what are the chances of atomic forces getting out of hand and wrecking the entire world. For example, some raise this point: "When our bomb caused Hiroshima to blow up, what made the explosion stop there? Why didn't it spread to all Japan, or even all Asia?"

Hiroshima did not explode; it was simply blown apart. *Nothing* exploded except a scant handful of uranium inside the bomb itself, and probably not all of that.

Others have heard that what astronomers call "novae"—stars that suddenly flare up in the night sky and then fade out again—are simply planets like our own, whose inhabitants have learned to split the atom with disastrous consequences.

Could be. But I don't believe it. Matter, even such unstable matter as U-235 or plutonium doesn't *want* to blow itself up. One of the biggest problems in designing the Hiroshima bomb was how to keep the stuff together long enough for an explosion to occur.

Matter and energy are mutually interchangeable, according to Einstein's law. Theoretically, all the matter in the world could suddenly dissolve into a blaze of radiant energy. But it's just as possible for all the world's energy to solidify into a single cold, lifeless lump. The one danger is probably no greater than the other.

Our peril lies not in uncontrolled atomic energy, but in the uncontrolled use of it by people. Uranium can't be left unregulated, any more than we can leave the traffic in tommy guns or heroin to the law of supply and demand. One absent-minded experimenter in an attic could release enough neutrons to sterilize every passer-by, could flood an entire neighborhood with radioactive poison gas.

CONGRESS is considering the establishment of a commission to control all domestic sources of atomic energy and all plants now owned or to be acqured by the government, with power also to conduct experiments, license operators, and establish security regulations. This is a broad prescription; and still it doesn't cover all the possible sources of danger, even here at home.

For example, the stuff we're turning out at Hanford and Oak Ridge should look infinitely more attractive to gangsters than the gold we've buried at Fort Knox. Even if we guard against armed robbery, what assurance have we that some confederate planted in a government-licensed laboratory won't succeed in walking off with a few grains at a time, until the gang has assembled enough for a big bang? When not reacting, the stuff is safe to handle; anyone can carry it in his vest pocket. And it can be stored indefinitely.

Or again, consider this: Glass and pottery manufacturers have been using uranium salts for years. There may be quantities around that have never been reported. And uranium-bearing ores are known to exist in at least eleven states. How can we prevent a really determined band of criminals from refining their own metal and extracting U-235 by some future process that's a hundred times simpler, cheaper, and more efficient than the one we use at present? If such a gang, for foreign pay or, as an example, to extort tribute from the rest of us, decided to blow up Philadelphia or any other city, it's my guess they could do it.

I'm not seeing spooks. I only wish I were. We have raised the lid of Pandora's box, uncorked the genie's bottle, pried open the forbidden door. The force we've freed is a gigantic one for either good or evil. It's up to us to tame it and harness it to create a better world.

THE END

Continued from Page 17

string full-time center. Mikan had arrived, in his freshman year.

During that first season he scored 271 points. He was named on an All-America second team. Besides his offensive value, George's defensive play was beyond reproach. His footwork and speed drills had paid off. Few players "suckered" him out of position.

His high scoring was not limited to the hardwood, however. A serious premedical student, Mikan still found time to participate in social activities of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity and to earn spending money working as busboy, waiter, and soda jerk in the campus beanery, run by team trainer Eddie Kokler.

Returning for his second year, he continued to behave like a rookie trying out for the team rather than the established star he was. Religiously adhering to Meyer's code of practice, he actually lost as much as eleven pounds some afternoons.

"Sometimes I was ashamed of myself as I watched George drag himself to the locker room," Meyer recalls.

Mikan's fetish for exercise even extended to his eyes. Extreme nearsightedness forces him to wear glasses on the court as well as off, but at this time a Chicago oculist prescribed eye exercises which have enabled him to switch to weaker lenses every six months.

The team improved right along with George during his sophomore year, and De Paul won a bid to the National Invitation tournament at Madison Square Garden. They played to the final round before bowing to St. John's of Brooklyn.

RIVAL coaches began to chomp their nails. How to check Mikan's high scoring was the cage question of the season. Apparently the only way he could have been stopped would have been to nail a lid on the basket or post a Marine guard around the bucket, for he scored 486 points for the season, an average of almost nineteen points a game. That won him a spot on the All-America first team in the spring of 1944.

Naturally he was lionized for the remaining months of the school term. But though constant pounding of the boards had thumped his foot to a 12-D size, Mikan's hat size remained at a modest 7¼. Incidentally, he never wears hats, because he thinks they give him headaches.

A neat dresser (only his suits have to be made to order, because he is able to buy 16½-size shirts), he attracted the coeds. But whenever De Paul has a "hop," his steady date is schoolmate Patricia Lou Daveny. "She's five feet six and a half," he smiles. "But I make her wear high heels." She is fond of his semiclassical renditions on the piano, and they occasionally attend the opera.

School out, George returned to "vacation" in Joliet. An easy summer playing baseball, hunting and fishing—that was what he planned. Instead, he wound up a "chicken rancher," raising fowl for the Mikan grill, which his family owns. George and his young brother, Ed, cleared ground for the chicken farm near Joliet. One year later they had raised 15,000 chickens. The farm was sold and the family purchased a roller-skating rink in Joliet.

It was a well-tanned center who returned to De Paul a year ago for a memorable junior campaign. As testimony to his tremendous progress and conditioning, he practically took apart three outstanding cage giants in a special preseason game between De Paul and the College All-Stars.

Making a swing-shift assault against him were seven-foot Bob (Foothills) Kurland, Oklahoma A. & M. pivot who has been outscored by Mikan in three of five games; six-foot-eleven-and-a-half inch Don Otten of Bowling Green, Ohio; and Bill Henry, six-foot-eight-inch Rice ace. Combined scoring of the three was 5 points, while a fast-working Mikan, who made his contemporaries awkward by comparison, racked up 17. And he didn't even play the entire game.

HE carried that tempo into the regular season, and his personal score sheet read like a stock-market quotation. He sank 33 points against Concordia, 30 against Western Kentucky, 27 and 28 in other routs. Twenty points was just par for him.

Most rival coaches unsuccessfully used two-man defenses against Mikan. Marquette assigned three defenders to surround him, and managed to check him with a mere 14 points, but he kept pouring passes to teammates and De Paul ran up the highest score in its series with Marquette.

With Mikan moving at a clip which brought him 558 points in twenty-four games last season, De Paul rode along as the tail on his kite to gain another National Invitation nomination.

De Paul students "knew" the team couldn't miss winning the title this time. But they nearly lost out—not on the Garden boards but in a Chicago hotel room.

Two business men puffed their cigars as they paced and pleaded. Needing a crack center for their team in the national professional tournament, they invited the best—the fellow who proved that "height is right" in basketball, but whose aptitude wasn't limited to altitude—Mikan.

George was almost floored. Though he didn't encourage them, bidding mounted higher and higher. Their final offer was $5,000 for one week's play, plus either a good job with their company or a fifty-dollar-a-week subsidization until he was graduated.

It was big money for a kid who had been serving 'em off the arm in

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the campus restaurant. He had recently switched from premedical to prelaw studies, and this bonus could help him hang out his shingle. Against this he balanced his team loyalty and personal devotion to Meyer, and he rejected the final offer. He had a personal team stake in a different tournament: seeking revenge in the Garden's Invitation series.

The rest of this saga is in the record books. His 33 points against West Virginia in the opening round was only a warm-up. Yet somehow the crowd still couldn't warm up to him, probably because big men have been the perennial villains of legend.

But Mikan's most memorable effort came in the next round. He converted jeers into cheers within seventy minutes at Madison Square Garden on the night of March 21, 1945.

There were snickers from the 18,253 fans and the press box when the six-foot-nine Mikan shuffled out for the semifinal game against Rhode Island State, and found his jumping rival to be five-foot-seven Mike Santora. Mitey Mike further exaggerated the physical difference by crouching and not jumping; Mikan leaped into the smoky stratosphere and "won" the tap-off as the gallery sounded off in sarcasm.

Coach Frank Keaney of the Rhodies smiled, for he had won the first inning (crowd favor) with his psychological stroke of pitting his shortest man against Mikan. Keaney wasn't losing anything tactically, for even seven-footers had failed to outjump Mikan all season; and rather than try to guard the towering center, Keaney's strategy was to try to outscore De Paul's Demons.

EVERY time one of the runty Rhodies sank a set shot, the stands screamed. Even when De Paul's all-around sounder play started to smother the little scurriers from the littlest state, popular sentiment still went with the underdog. But gradually Mikan broke them down with an accurate shower of shots, and when he began to threaten the record books, and the score became woefully lopsided, the fans finally started to bellow for the big bozo.

Indomitable on pivot shots, tap-ins, and lay-ups, Mikan sank 21 field goals and 11 fouls before leaving the court, two minutes from the end. That gave him a total of 53 points, matching the total Rhode Island racked up against De Paul's 97. To cap it all, Mikan sacrificed about 20 extra points that night, foregoing easy pivot shots out of the bucket to pass to teammates charging in.

Mikan had broken every Garden record—goals, fouls, and points at half time and full time in any Garden game, in any tournament game, and in any tournament series—fifteen records altogether.

After that, the 34 points he registered in the final against Bowling Green (led by six-foot-eleven-and-one-half Otten) to capture the Invitation crown was almost anticlimactic. Hurt in practice the next day, he limped into the Red Cross play-off game against the National Collegiate Athletic Association winners and failed to last, as De Paul bowed to Oklahoma A. & M., a team it had beaten in regular season play.

But he had left his mark. A poll of the metropolitan basketball coaches two days later for an All-America team showed George Mikan was their unanimous choice for captain and center.

George (Red) Wolfe, Long Island University coach, called him the greatest center of all time. Wolfe should know. He's been playing, watching, and coaching basketball in recreation centers, colleges, industrial circuits, and the American Basketball League for twenty years.

Another coach made this analysis: "Mikan isn't just the greatest college basketball player today, he's the greatest TWO players. In every game they've assigned two men to guard him, yet they've never really succeeded in fencing him in."

GEORGE is back for a crack at his records this year. Harassed coaches who console themselves by reflecting that this is his last campaign had better prepare for a shock—there will be two more seasons of coping with a giant Mikan of De Paul.

This one is George's kid brother Ed, nicknamed "Moose," a six-foot-seven sophomore who follows his famous brother's footsteps by subbing for him at center this year.

And "Dr." Meyer has the latest Mikan giant at his special clinic these days undergoing such operations as skipping rope, punching the bag, pivots, lay-ups, etc.

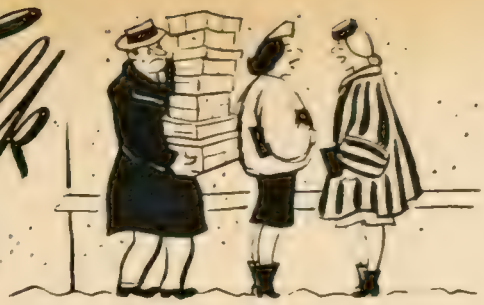
THE END

"See, it's possible to be a good mother without sacrificing your career."
LIBERTY

Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

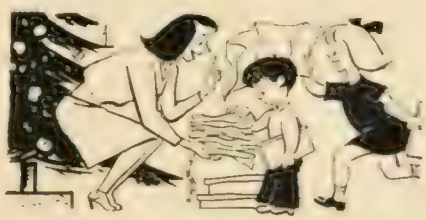


A LOSING BATTLE: As the Christmas tree molts and Momma starts frantically looking for shelf space on which to park the season's crop of useless gifts, she may well squander a sympathetic thought on Professor Ivan E. McDougle's hopeless crusade against Santa Claus. A teacher of sociology at Goucher College, Baltimore, he started last fall trying to persuade parents to abolish the amiable saint. Said he, "The Santa Claus myth has lived too long in terms of child psychology. Parents should substi-

tute democratic philosophy. Children have to learn to get along." If Professor McDougle has taken an observation in the stores at any time during the past few weeks to see how his campaign was proceeding, he has probably decided to conserve his breath in the future, and admit that he has been waging a losing fight against a nation-wide hookup of merchants and small fry.

PARTIES, PARTIES EVERYWHERE!—A friend whose husband recently returned after two years overseas says she knows it's ungrateful of her, but she does wish relatives and chums would stop giving her man Welcome Home parties. They appropriate practically all of his leisure time. Having already returned to his old job, he has only Sundays and evenings for relaxation, which he sorely needs but gets little of, thanks to his friends' determination to wine him and dine him. A sociable soul himself, he hasn't complained, but his wife modestly thinks he might enjoy an evening alone with her if he had the chance. Says she, "The only way I can get a private word with him is to go out and phone him from a telephone booth. The only time I see him alone, he's asleep, because the parties go on and on, till by the time we break away we're both ready to fall flat on our faces. I love parties too, and I think it's sweet of our pals to be so eager to welcome the hero home, but he's *my* husband, or is he? The only thing I'd like better than dinner and the theater *alone* with him would be an evening alone at home with him, just like the pretty magazine pictures you see of couples lolling cozily by their own fireplace. How about starting a campaign promoting a little privacy for reunited mates? But don't use my name—I don't want to get into trouble with my in-laws. Perhaps a few well-chosen words and a restrained snarl would make them see the light and give us a chance to get reacquainted, instead of going on and on just meeting at parties and at breakfast." Wouldn't it be wonderful if some of the excess love lavished on so many of our men by overpossessive families could be pooled and redistributed to the lonely?

SAVE THOSE WRAPPINGS!—In their natural eagerness to get at their presents, children are not very frugal about gift wrappings and boxes. If Momma can be heard above the Yuletide din, she should remind them that the paper shortage is still with us, and that all wrappings should be smoothed out and saved. Anything too mussy or postmarked to use next season should be packed in boxes and donated to local waste-paper salvage collections. . . . Many churches, hospitals, and kindergartens would dearly love to have your Christmas and New Year cards, so inquire before throwing them away. . . . The government has overlooked an easy and obvious way to save



paper. Why not print no more of that issue of postage stamps that cover practically the whole envelope?

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS: If you are flushing with embarrassment over friends you forgot to remember at Christmas, a fine gay book to give a husband or wife (or both) is Outside Eden, by Isabel Scott Rorick (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston). Mrs. Rorick's stories of the Cugats have enlivened many magazine pages, and the new book includes some of her most endearing and sidesplitting narratives. She has the gift of high-lighting the average couple's failings, making them both funny and romantic. In Thou Shalt Not Steal Thy Neighbor's Thunder, the heroine, Mrs. Cugat, having slyly invited Mr. Cugat's cousin Adela to come for a visit, reflects hopefully, "Mr. Cugat would get used to the idea in a day or two—it was just that he'd been to Washington and was a little cross." Mrs. Cugat goes through the book consciously and subconsciously plotting in a typically unprincipled feminine fashion, which wives will enjoy as much as their husbands. . . . A collection of Mary Petty's New Yorker drawings appears in This Petty Pace (Alfred

A. Knopf, New York). It's an inspired book, one that will give you many a belly laugh, and you'll want to keep it as well as give it away.

I RESOLVE!

This year the only vow I'll make
Is one that will be hard to break . . .
My resolution, which is fun,
Is not to make a single one!

SPRING ON THE WING: Smack in the dead of winter the days start getting longer, and while we shiver and plaster our chapped lips and hands with skin softeners, we can feel quite a lift in the spirit by noting that the sun is staying up just a little longer every evening. While we await the coming of spring, some of the other aids to wintertime complexions are definitely indicated. Chiffon Smoothskin Lotion (by Primrose House) gives the perfect, non-sticky after-bath rubdown. It softens rough skin on hands, feet, and elbows, and also performs nobly as a powder base. Don't be surprised, either, if your mate swipes your bottle for use after shaving. . . . Glamor and would-be glamor girls are much elated over the return of eyelash curlers. The new postwar version has a bright chrome finish. It works as of old—heat and cosmetics are unnecessary. Just place the rubber bow over the lashes and squeeze the handles together. "Hold till you have counted to twenty-five," says direction, and "when released, your lashes will sweep upward like those of your favorite movie star, who probably does the same thing." As if that weren't enough, the publicity boys behind this gift to womanhood declare that "for those who wear glasses Kurlash is a practical asset as well as a beauty aid, for many oculists now encourage training the lashes upward in order to avoid the irritation of straight lashes which strike against the lenses."

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HELEN PARKER

The Houndsditch buckle stealer

KITTY

(Paramount)

Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Reginald Owen, Cecil Kellaway, Constance Collier

WHILE Twentieth Century-Fox was bidding fancy prices for Forever Amber, Paramount was putting finishing touches on Kitty, a fictional heroine whose career rivals anything Amber ever did. It's like the time when Gone with the Wind was so long in coming to the screen, and Bette Davis' Jezebel rolled in on the tide of public curiosity. (Here's hoping the parallel continues and Amber turns out as well as G.W.T.W. did.)

Kitty's director is Mitchell Leisen, and he's a guy who's mad for authenticity, even to paring pounds off his star in her lean years, and fattening her up when she prospers. The early-nineteenth-century-England sets are magnificent in their exact detail. Even the harpischord gavotte is as it was then played.

Kitty, the waif who became a duchess, is played to the hilt by Paulette Goddard—the Supreme Minx of the movies.

Through happenstance, the cockney girl's portrait is painted by Thomas Gainsborough (Cecil Kellaway), and this provides a springboard for three successively successful marriages.

Kitty whisks up the social ladder several rungs at a time—always with the calculated assistance of Sir Hugh Marcy (Ray Milland), an impoverished nobleman who sees a chance to recover his lost fortune by eventually marrying Kitty off to the Duke of Malmunster.

The duke—ah, there's a character! Reginald Owen's inspired caricature of the gouty old lecher makes him pitiable and lovable by turns. He brings unbearable emotional excitement to the scene in which Kitty bears a son. The old man has been deluded into thinking it's his, his heart bursts with joy, and he falls dead down a long flight of stairs.

Kitty, now every inch the lady, forces Sir Hugh to see her as such, and so they finally get together. Her merits as a person are best expressed when a grateful servant girl whom she's rescued fom a beating, says, "Oh, miss, you've got a good heart!" "No," says Kitty, "I've just got a good memory."

The waif, as seen by Gainsborough.

As a costume piece, Kitty has a good many excellences. But as a comedy of manners, it's superlative.

The sometimes subtle, sometimes broad ribbing of the affectations of the aristocracy reaches real heights of hilarity. N.b.: Kitty's lesson, by Sir Hugh and his aunt, in the use of the fan: "the Angry Flutter," "the Gay Wave," etc., and the refinement of her speech from cockney to the most royal tones are as amusing, as credible, and as painful as was its close parallel in Shaw's Pygmalion.

Well, there must be some faults. Too much story, perhaps. It's an exhausting road that Kitty takes you bouncing over. But her enthusiasm for her adventures never flags, and it's not likely that yours will, either.

Kitty the cockney is taught some fine points in the use of the fan.

LIBERTY NOMINATES TEN BEST FILMS OF '45

SARATOGA TRUNK (Warners). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.

THE LOST WEEKEND (Paramount). Ray Milland, Jane Wyman.

THE TRUE GLORY. Documentary—D-Day, V-E Day. Directed by Garson Kanin and Carol Reed.

SPELLBOUND (Selznick). Hitchcock directs Bergman and Gregory Peck.

STORY OF G.I. JOE (United Artists). Burgess Meredith, Robert Mitchum.

JUNIOR MISS (20th Cent.-Fox). Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

LAURA (20th Cent.-Fox). Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, Clifton Webb.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Peggy Ann Garner.

NATIONAL VELVET (M-G-M). Elizabeth Taylor, Mickey Rooney.

THE CLOCK (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Robert Walker, James Gleason, Keenan Wynn.

Conquering heroes—"Men into Trees."

WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE? *(M-G-M). Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn*

AS a G.I., Marion Hargrove was long on sense of humor and short on military efficiency. In See Here, Private Hargrove, we suffered his war with the corporals—now, in What Next, Corporal Hargrove? we share his battles with the sergeants.

What Next? does not imply another sequel, of course. Who ever heard of a sympathetic story about a sergeant?

Robert Walker, M-G-M's second favorite war baby (Van Johnson has a slight edge), is the forever-in-hot-water corporal, and his charm and naïveté save the noncom from being just a brat.

Getting second billing, but the element that makes this a run-do-not-walk picture, is Keenan Wynn, best young actor extant. His Private Mulvehill, always the business man—even when he's liberating a French town—is mighty handy to have around for laughs. Hargrove bungles into his embarrassing moments, but Mulvehill plots his with great deliberation, and somehow they're that much funnier.

Lest it sound like a mugging contest, though, it should be noted that the boys are as snafu when together as they are separately. Particularly when our heroes get on the wrong road and are hailed as the liberators of the town of Mardennes. Mulvehill, for political reasons, embroils Hargrove in a romance with the mayor's daughter (Jean Porter—a very cute chick). Poor Marion! He's trying so hard to keep himself pure for the girl back home!

What Next? as a war picture has the air of a comic strip, with good clowns and good situations.

Any resemblance to any actual war, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Walker and Wynn have given us a large chuckle with which to face the horrors of peace.

A fond farewell to the charming Americans.

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Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

It was a best-seller... a *Reader's Digest* classic... a Book of the Month. And now it's The Picture Of The Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's W. L. White's "They Were Expendable"—carved out of some of the most dramatic events of all time.

This is M-G-M's heart-stinging story of some of the most heroic headlines of recent years.

★ ★ ★ ★

The story of "Brick", who loved a boat; of "Rusty", who loved a girl.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Montgomery (back on the screen after his war-years with Uncle Sam's Navy) is magnificent as "Brick", who'd rather command a PT-boat than a battleship. The part's a natural for the star who was skipper on a PT-boat when they were shooting for keeps.

★ ★ ★ ★

John Wayne is "Rusty", who scoffs at the "sea-going mousetraps". But that was before the fighting started!

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a tremendous thrill in watching those suicidal "sea-scooters" in action! The thrill of battle, of terrible peril. And a surge of pride that will quicken the beat of your heart.

There's a thrill, too, in the romance between the hard-bitten PT-boat Commander and the Army nurse. Lovely Donna Reed makes a perfect "Sandy", dungareed angel of mercy who tends wounds and steals hearts.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a gripping sense of realism in "They Were Expendable"—evidence of the directorial deftness of Captain John Ford, U.S.N.R., the expert screen play of Comdr. Frank Wead, U.S.N. (Ret.), the excellence of the action photography. Cliff Reid is associate producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jack Holt, Ward Bond and a consummate cast back up the stars with stellar performances.

★ ★ ★

The screen can offer no greater thrill than this story of gallant men and women who never expected to return. "They Were Expendable."

★ ★

We salute them. —*Leo*

"Maid Service." LIBERTY

HYBRIDS

Continued from Page 31

he knew there could not be tighter chains.

Seated before the fire, the light from the logs giving fresh warmth and vitality to her face that needed none of either, he asked her to marry him. She was silent for a time.

"I never quite wanted to marry before—maybe once." She spoke with thoughtful pauses, as though she were arguing it out with herself. "But I think I do now—I don't want to be a tramp again. Not that I've been much of a tramp—and there's nothing hangin' over me now.

"There was, last winter—a shootin' at Redondo in a café where I worked. They said the fight was over me. But it wasn't. It was because Phil Crouse and Ed Rogan—that fellow who came in the store tonight—rigged up an oil deal on Mart Lopez. Mart got sore and tried to force them to return the money, and in the scrap Phil shot him. I needn't have skipped, but Ed begged me to, said I might get mixed up in it. He was afraid they'd find out things from me and tie him in. It would have spoiled another deal he was working on. Ed always looks after himself first. Anyway, I blew."

That was all. Jordan never knew more of the shooting, of her relationship with Ed, or a great deal else about her. Nothing mattered but the present.

THE house was now no longer chill and stiff and still. The knotty-pine walls shone warmly from her ceaseless wax polishing. Yellow curtains billowed softly on the honeyed wind from the orange groves. Red chairs, chairs she had lacquered herself, glowed in the kitchen-dining room. Purple and golden Parrish prints of castles and princes and dream bubbles which she had picked up at the five-ten-and-twenty-five, hung on the living-room walls.

Her movements had grown quicker in the few months since they had been married. Her smile was quicker too, and more swiftly gone. He noticed that now, when she greeted him.

"How'd you like to go down to Riverside for the Citrus Association meeting and stay overnight?" he asked.

Her eyes leaped. "Would I!" She squeezed his arm and kissed him. "I'm achin' for a change! When do we start?"

"About eleven. Mr. and Mrs. Presnell are picking us up."

"The Presnells!" She said it as if they were something bad in her mouth. "Can't we go alone?"

He shook his head. "Not very well. It was Mr. Presnell's idea. He thought I ought to go and report on the hybrids. He's presiding this year. It's a wonderful chance."

"But Mrs. Presnell!" She sighed. "Have you ever seen her look at me—as if I was going to break out with somethin'? Oh, Peter, why can't we dish 'em?"

"Sometime," he answered gently. "But we can't this time. Mr. Presnell wouldn't understand. He wants to talk things over, going down. I can't let him get sore. Come on, Molly, and get fixed up. Just this once."

"Honest, Peter, I wouldn't dare. If she ever started looking down her nose at me again—and she would all right—I'd let loose a crack, sure'n hell. You go with 'em. I'll stay home."

"They'd think it's funny," he said reluctantly.

"I'll fix that!"

She crossed to the telephone and called Mrs. Presnell, telling her how sorry she was she couldn't go, that her cold was getting worse, that she couldn't risk letting Mrs. Presnell catch it. She put down the phone merrily, but the merriment died when she saw Jordan's face had that stiff look with which he boarded up his feelings whenever he was deeply hurt or annoyed.

"She never guessed, Peter, honest," she said. "She was kinder than she's been—because she's glad to be rid of me, or rid of the germs. Take your pick; we're both the same to her."

"You could make her like you if you'd try," said Jordan. His words were edged, the sharpest that he had ever voiced. She turned her head swiftly and he saw that he had hurt her. His tone softened. "I'm sorry, Molly. But it's so important. Mr. Presnell told me this morning that he'd like to go into partnership on the hybrids. He'd supply the root-stock and his acreage south of the road. I'd supply the buds and the labor. He says if my hybrids are as scale-resistant as they seem, everyone will want them. It means a fortune for us, selling young trees."

She smiled a little. "I'm a rotten wife, Peter." And though he warmly protested, drawing her to him, she playfully tapped his mouth with her fingers to silence him. "Mrs. Garnett said you would have been elected head of the Farm Council last January if it hadn't been for me." She tapped his mouth again. "The trouble is I never think of the future. I oughta have known what small towns are, that night we decided to marry. I never thought ahead, any more'n I think back. But I'm going to try to now, Peter. Honest! I couldn't ever be a drag on you, Peter. Not you, Peter."

Impulsively she kissed him, and he felt her hand upon his arm, reluctant to let him go.

The next day when he came back from Riverside, she was gone.

THREE springs came and departed, and the first was like the last for Jordan, empty and lonely and sad.

One morning he was pruning his young hybrids across the road. The sun had risen long enough to distill the dew on the orange blossoms, and a soft breeze was spreading their sweetness.

The sound of a motor cut across the silence and, looking up, he saw an out-of-town taxi seeking its way uncertainly down the dirt road and then stopping in front of his house. Through the trees he caught sight of a woman going up the walk toward the door. Her steps were quick, elastic, familiar. His heart swelled with his thoughts, and he could feel dread pounding in it—dread lest it be not she. He hastened up the field, scrambled over the rock fence, and sped across the road.

She had gone inside; and he found her standing before the fireplace, looking up at one of the colored Parrish prints which she had placed

there—a picture of a young prince gazing at the castle high above him.

"That's the king's house high on the hill," she was saying.

"King's house?" came a child's voice. Only then did Jordan know that there was another in the room, a sunny youngster with a touch of fire in his fair hair, but with dark eyes like his own.

"I was showing King the pictures," she said.

As he heard the name King again, and caught its significance, a hard pack formed in his throat. Molly had often said if they were lucky enough to have a son they would name him King. It was Jordan's middle name, his mother's, and to Molly it had always gone with the colorful prints that she loved.

He looked at Molly, searching her eyes, asking a question that he could not bring to his lips.

"He's yours," she said simply.

IT did not occur to Jordan then to analyze or to doubt. He would have as soon questioned the breeze that was touching the child's curls. Instead, he drew him from her arms so hungrily that King strained from him, frightened.

"He's your daddy," said Molly.

"No," said King, frowning. "He's not my daddy. Ed's my daddy."

And Jordan, confused, felt a stir of dread.

"He's your real daddy," said Molly swiftly. "There's never going to be any other daddy but him."

King smiled a shy little smile and reached his arms up on Jordan's shoulders, in friendly acceptance. A tear or two spilled over on Jordan's cheek. Little King laughed. There was nothing to cry about. With his finger on a tear, he made a wet mark of it and laughed again.

The child noticed some gourds that Molly had once hung low on the hearth to dry and which Jordan had never moved from the place where she had left them. King freed himself to get down to play with them.

"They're good and dry," said Jordan, smiling at Molly. "You can paint them now."

As simply as that. But she shook her head.

"You are good, Peter," she said. "No questions, nothin'."

Gratitude trembled in her moist eyes and her voice broke. "But, Peter, I'm a tramp! King's never goin' to know that. That's why I brought him here. He's goin' to grow up decent. Like you!"

Her eyes held the child playing with the gourds, held him in as tender embrace as if he were in her arms. The yellow curtains billowed and let in more of the sweetness of the grove. She breathed of its cleanness. Her lips quivered. She pressed them hard and, averting her eyes from the child, went out of the door.

Jordan followed her.

"Good-bye, Peter," she said, laying her hand on his. "I won't ever see him again. It's—" Her voice tugged and stuck there.

The starting motor was noisy enough to bring the child to the door. A frightened cry came from his lips.

"She'll be back," said Jordan with some of his quiet assurance, picking King up in his arms.

HE kept the house unchanged, as Molly had made it, through fifteen years. King grew tall and strong and his strength was not of his body alone. In pride, Jordan told himself that there was nothing Molly had wished for their son that had not come true.

Yet, except in relation to the boy, Jordan never thought of Molly now. Time does that; and he had drawn a romantic curtain upon her. He had told his son that she had been lost at sea. And so she had, for Jordan, too.

The first spring rain had fallen, and a quick-drying sun shone in fresh brilliance. New-born clouds were steaming from the peaks of the San Rafaels, taking the last snow-caps with them. The oranges were golden for harvest and the boughs sank low with their heavy crop as if they would return to the earth its fruitfulness.

Jordan walked through them, estimating the number of field boxes that must be distributed for the pickers. His mind glowed with the figures, and much of the warmth came of the knowledge that King would never have to worry as he himself had worried. King could go to whatever scientific school he wanted, and if his bent for research persisted, as seemed likely, he could devote himself to it without thought of time. Both of the hybrids had done well.

Jordan turned to the groves that he had bought from Mrs. Presnell when Presnell died, and as he crossed the road, he saw a man approaching from a smart tan roadster that stood before his house.

"Jordan?" The voice was vaguely familiar.

Jordan nodded, but he still could not place the stocky man until the latter took off his hat, ran his hand through his wavy hair, gray now, and grinned.

"Remember me? Ed Rogan?"

Vague fear gathered in Jordan's throat and tightened it. His "How are you, Rogan?" rasped. Nor was he relieved when Rogan grasped his reluctant hand warmly, confidently. Rogan's manner hadn't changed. But his checked sports coat and the big diamond on his finger flashed new prosperity.

"I've been drilling down there on the Matilija," he said, pointing to an oil tower four or five miles down the valley, "Dry hole! Plenty of sand but hardly a grease spot in it. We got into an argument over the cores, me and the geologist. Oil had been there once, lots of it. Where'd it gone? Oil's funny stuff. Restless

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like a woman, y'know?" Rogan's eyes glinted familiarly.

Jordan's mouth tightened.

"Where there's a weak structure, a loose fault, she'll travel right through until she strikes a fault strong enough to block her. The geologist got the idea it might be up this way. It's worth a try.

"Yesterday I went over to the courthouse to see who owned the land around here. You could've walloped me. When I looked at the assessor's map I saw your name all over this section.'I know that feller,' says I. 'We both had the same girl once. We'll be partners again.'"

Jordan grew taut so perceptibly that Rogan grinned and said, "No hard feelings?"

Ignoring the question, Jordan replied, "I'm just not interested in oil. My business is citrus."

"Oh, I ain't asking you to put in money. There's plenty of dough around looking for investment these days. I just want to make a lease."

Jordan shook his head. "I'm doing all right now. No need to dig the groves up, experimenting."

Rogan grinned: "What we dig up, we pay for. I'll give you a bonus—more'n enough to cover any damage to the trees." Then he added humorously, "Got to treat you right, Jordan. You're sort of an in-law, you know."

Jordan's eyes clouded dangerously. But a door slammed and he heard King come whistling out of the house.

"Oh, I'm sorry, dad," apologized King. "I didn't know anyone was with you."

"It's all right. He's just leaving," said Jordan. Rogan held the boy—tall, broad, and smiling—in his eyes.

The oil man extended his hand in showy cordiality to King. "My name's Rogan."

"My name's Jordan," said King, taking off his cap and shaking hands with him.

"What did you want, son?" said Jordan, his voice calm, though his words trembled within him.

"Mr. Russell phoned," said King. "He's asked the team for lunch for a pep talk. I won't be able to go down to the packing house with you, dad. Would you mind giving this ticket to Mr. Perry?" Then, in explanation, he turned with an open smile to Rogan. "Today's our big game! It's mighty important to us. Ventura's beaten us for three years, but we're primed for her today. Wish you could see us!"

"I'd like to," smiled Rogan.

"Great," replied King, dealing off a ticket from the small pack he held.

"Two, if you can spare 'em," said Rogan, and his eyes glinted challengingly at Jordan as he took them. "I may be a little late."

"They're fifty cents apiece," reminded King.

Rogan's laugh wheezed, "Chip off the old block!" He picked a dollar bill from his wallet, grinned a pleased grin at Jordan, and turned toward the road.

KING was pitching that afternoon, easy-muscled, confident, absorbing all eyes but Jordan's, whose slipped away to the parking field beyond, as they had done for eight innings. A tan roadster pulled up at the end of the block of cars, and even at this distance he could recognize the familiar sports coat as Rogan stepped out and walked unsteadily, tipsily, to the other side of the car. A woman sat there, reluctant to get out. Finally, disdaining his arm, she walked beside him to the bleachers, quite as if he were not there.

Jordan gazed at her as she approached. He knew it was Molly. Her hair was bleached, her shoulders a trifle stooped, her face colorless and flabby. All pride and fire, and the joyousness which had been the very fiber of her, were gone. Fifteen wretched years had taken woeful toll. Only her steps, still short and quick, remained—those, and her swift hands as they darted to her hat now and then, to keep it from slipping down over her eyes.

"What hands! Swift as lightning!"

Jordan, startled, glanced at Perry, the packing-house manager who had spoken. Then the applause swept down the bleachers and Jordan knew it was King, not the woman, who had drawn the exclamation. The lad had stabbed a hot grounder which seemed a sure single for Ventura and had shot it in time to first base. King grinned happily up at his father, sharing his success with him.

AS Jordan smiled and nodded in reply, he was conscious that Molly's eyes had followed his son's to his own. For a moment they met, but she let no sign of recognition show.

Rogan was tapping her shoulder insistently. "That's him! The pitcher!"

He saw her lean forward better to see King, and he felt the great yearning and hunger within her. Suddenly her frame froze. King, turning to wave to friends who had called to him, had looked in her direction and recognized Rogan.

"Glad you were able to get here, Mr. Rogan," he said.

Despondency deepened in Jordan. He reasoned that Molly could not have lied to him about King. She had never lied to him. She had been too much a part of nature ever to lie. Play lies, perhaps; real lies, never. But there had been his lie to King. He had reared the lad to a sense of truth and honor, yet he had idealized his mother to him beyond all truth.

Silence possessed the field. Jordan was aware of the suspense of the score, of the player on third, of King's coming to bat; but his thoughts were nervously intent upon the couple below him.

"Give us a homer, son!" called Rogan.

That word, general and casual enough, took on piercing significance to Molly. Her body grew sharp within its narrow frame. King lifted his bat and bunted, outracing the ball to first and bringing in the man on third, ending the game.

"Great work, son!" shouted Rogan again. King, picking himself up from the slide, dusting his uniform with his cap, looked over at him, with laughter in his eyes and sun in his hair. The team started to crowd around King, and Rogan rose unsteadily to join him.

"Come back here," said Molly.

Rogan paused uncertainly, then a drunken indulgent smile spread over his face. He could afford to be tolerant.

"O.K. Where's Jordan?" he asked, loud enough to attract Perry's attention.

"It's all right, dear. I hired him—I lost the combination."

LIBERTY

"That Rogan?" queried Perry, wincing in the sun. "The guy who drilled over at Matilija?" Jordan nodded and stumbled a little in his explanation.

"Look out for him," said Perry. "Drills more dry holes than anyone in southern California and makes money on 'em all. Took thirteen thou' out of Smith on the Matilija deal—cost him only six to drill. He's bad business."

"I know it," said Jordan rising. "See you later."

He picked his way down to Rogan, grateful that Molly gave not the slightest hint of having known him; grateful, too, that she had so changed that Perry had not recognized her. Apprehensively Jordan glanced back at his son. The teams were already crowding into the areaway that led to the locker rooms of the school. Molly glanced as quickly and, on Jordan's suggestion that they go up the road to talk, met his eyes in quick understanding.

"I need a drink first," she said to Jordan. "Please wait for us." She pulled Rogan along.

DUST from the departing cars no longer danced in the late sunlight on the parking field when Molly and Rogan returned from the roadside café across the street. Rogan was weaving slightly and blinking in the sudden light.

"No need goin' up the road," Molly said as she crossed to Jordan. "I'm taking him home. You can't trust him. That's why I came up—that, and to tell you he's got no blood claim on King. I'd never have named the boy King, or brought him to you, if it had been different. You know that, Peter. I never could have done a thing like that—not to you."

There was a tenderness and earnestness that came through her husky voice like a whisper and tugged Jordan back through the years to his hearth and a rainy night. Even Rogan's shoulders paused in their weaving, and he stared at her as if he had not known her. "Playin' up to him, hey? Want to go home with him!"

"Yes," flashed Molly. "There's nothin' on earth I want to do more. And there's nothin' on earth that I'd do less!" She turned to Jordan and laid her hand on his. He was conscious of its fervor. "You're doing your job, Peter! I'll do mine! God, I was proud of him today!"

Rogan's laugh wheezed against the cry in her voice. "Got it all fixed, haven't you?" His grin was not pleasant. "O.K.—we'll see what the courts say!"

"Courts!" There was no sag in her body now. An inner flame burned away the rheum in her eyes. "Courts! You'd look swell in the papers with the horns I'd hang on you!"

He saw Rogan grow small and cheap and futile under her attack.

"He knows," she said. "There's nothing he's pulled that I don't know about, or can't find out about—from that shooting at Redondo on. There ain't nothing I'd stop at!"

Jordan saw that Rogan was afraid of her, saw it in his eyes, pretending now to be drunker than they were.

"Good-by, Peter," she said. "He won't bother you again, I promise."

Jordan walked toward the town slowly, his mind comforted. Suddenly he was aware of voices, of the boys coming from the locker rooms in their slacks and blue-jeans, still crowing their victory. He turned quickly.

At the roadster, Rogan stood with one foot on the running board, grinning.

"Hey, King!" he called. "Come over here! I want to introduce you to someone."

Jordan stood frozen.

"Don't get cute," snapped Molly, trying to push Rogan into the car. But he wouldn't budge. He still grinned.

"He's drunk, terribly drunk," she pleaded to King when he approached smiling, with his friends.

"Who's drunk?" retorted Rogan, and flung her off so violently that she fell into the sharp rubble. King picked her up. One of her hands was bruised and bleeding a little. Furious, he turned on Rogan, who was still grinning.

"You can't treat a lady like that, not around here!"

"Lady, he says!" scorned Rogan airily. "Do you know who she is, the little—"

King blurred the word with a swift fist to Rogan's chin. Rogan toppled back upon the pavement. He lay there a moment, staring upward; then groggily, the smile was gone, he strained to lift himself up.

FOR a moment Rogan's clouded eyes met Molly's. But hers were so steeled and sharp with threat that he made no effort to speak.

"I'll take him home," she said. "He's been drinkin' an awful lot—and thank you," she said, turning to King with a stiff little smile and an inclination of her head, formal as a stranger's. King looked at her bruised hand and, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, wrapped it around the bleeding palm.

"I'd better take you to the drugstore," he said gently.

"It's nothing," she replied, "and we're due home."

Jordan had never known her voice so pinched and tight. When she looked up at him, there was a frightened tenderness in her eyes.

"Thank you, too," she said.

Her smile trembled a little, then she turned abruptly. She did not look back at King or at Jordan as she circled out. Her gaze was upon the highway stretching to the purple walls beyond that protected the little valley. But Jordan could see her hands, one swathed in her son's handkerchief, the other—small, pale, determined—glued to the steering wheel of the speeding car.

THE END

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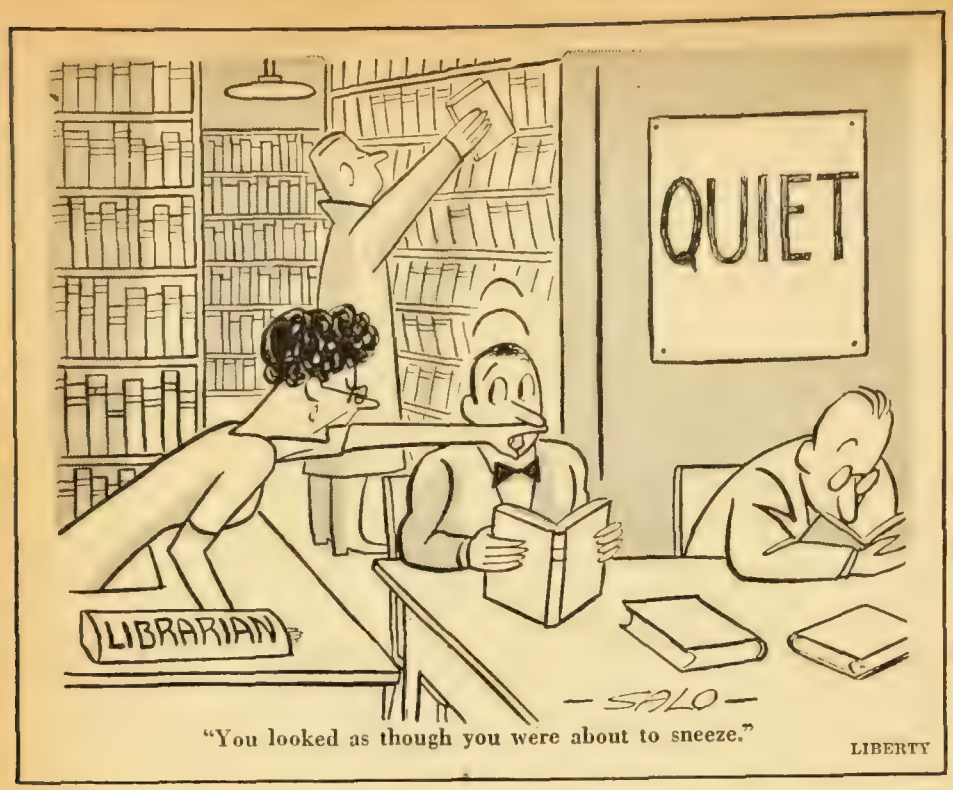

"You looked as though you were about to sneeze." LIBERTY

THE BIG FOUR OF THE HIGH IRON

Continued from Page 15

cago, or want to ship a carload of men's overcoats, the rate is the same whether you use the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central. Whichever line does the job, its affairs, including its finances, are under strict public scrutiny.

In contrast, the big four brotherhoods, with the exception of the B. of L. F. & E., refuse to tell the public what they do with their money. Some sleuthing might have dug up a report or two, but the important fact is that they refused to give this writer access to their reports. This is in sharp contrast to nearly all the other labor unions.

FROM only two of the four was it possible to get copies of their constitutions and bylaws. Alvanley Johnston, Grand Chief Engineer of the B.L.E., explained frankly why he could not: "Insofar as furnishing you with a copy of our financial report as well as Constitution and bylaws are concerned, we regret that our organization's laws preclude the possibility thereof, but suffice it to say that at present we have about $1,000,000 in what is known as the Operating Fund of the labor organization itself. The assets, reserves, and general expense funds of our insurance association total approximately $17,500,000."

He also said, "We own two of the principal office buildings in the city of Cleveland—one of fourteen stories at St. Clair and Ontario, and one of twenty-two stories at the opposite corner. Also we own a modern apartment hotel, the Park Lane Villa. And when we say 'own' we mean that literally."

This policy of secrecy is not as meretricious as it may seem on the surface. It should be remembered that the constitutions of these four organizations were written when they were fraternal brotherhoods. The original constitution drafters never visualized the brotherhoods as powerful labor unions, and the original documents have never been greatly revised.

THE strongest and most active of the four brotherhoods are the B.L.E. and the B.R.T. Together, they account for 289,000 of the half million union men who run the country's trains. Of these two, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen is the more powerful and the bellwether in nearly all union activities. Its membership comprises conductors (chiefly on freight trains), assistant conductors, dining-car conductors, ticket collectors, baggagemen, brakemen, and flagmen, and also such yardhands as switchmen, yardmasters, and yard conductors.

The present membership is 211,000, and there is a drive on to enlist bus drivers who have nothing to do with railroading.

The pre-eminence of the trainmen among the railroad brotherhoods is not due solely to numbers. Indeed, the big membership is secondary to the forceful leadership of its president, Alexander F. Whitney.

Whitney is the voice and authority of railroad unionism, with Johnston of the Engineers in his corner as second, and Robertson of the B. of L.F.&E. and Fraser of the O.R.C., standing by to lend encouragement. Whitney quit school at fifteen and began railroading as a news butcher in 1888; was a brakeman until 1891, and ever since has been a paid official of the brotherhood. He stepped up from vice-president to president in 1928 and has never had serious opposition in the quadrennial convention, where the officers are elected by rank-and-file vote.

Whitney began his career despising and fighting railroad management. He still despises and fights, not only railroad management, but practically everybody who doesn't belong to a brotherhood. He is the type of old-fashioned American who came up the hard way. No European ideologies, no fancy concepts of "labor statesmanship" hamper his right uppercut when he decides to throw it, which is about once every twenty minutes. He was the son of a Midwest preacher and is a blood-and-thunder preacher himself, singing the glories of his flock and assigning to damnation nearly everybody outside the fold.

HE contributes fiery editorials to the brotherhood monthly, the Railroad Trainman, and also composes numerous pamphlets. His state of mind, and consequently that suggested for his 211,000 followers, is perhaps best revealed with extracts from one of his wartime pamphlets on rail wages:

"We all thought we had won quite a victory on December 5, 1941, when we signed an agreement with a 76-cents-a-day wage increase. But that was two days before Pearl Harbor! Within one year every cent of that increase had been taken from us by the profiteers. After January, 1943, that increase had been absorbed by higher prices, and we were going in the red."

Whitney was shrewd enough, however, to know that a general strike for increased wages while the war was on would be a bad move, and he did not mince words in giving his rather curious reasons for this decision:

"Facing a common peril of national subjugation or extinction, the thinking of the whole people is polarized. One is for his country or he is not, and what he does helps the war effort or it does not. The logic is as intolerant, as irreconcilable, as razor sharp as that!"

He goes on: "In such a predicament labor's peacetime techniques are about as useless as close order drill in the tropical jungles. . . . Competent workers by the millions are just as essential [as soldiers] and there is a tendency to exploit them just as completely through a political compulsion just as hard and harsh."

He says (and remember that this pamphlet was printed in June, 1944, when the war was still a serious business): "A report of the 1942-43 wage movement would not be complete unless it dealt at some length with the vicious, anti-labor, anti-democratic and anti-American propaganda which utilized the natural fears and patriotic emotions of the people with cunning and evil design. The line of argument that 'strikes are treason' was extended by war profiteers to smear even labor's re-

quests for just wages and fair economic treatment as also treasonable. This dangerous and disruptive type of propaganda was popularized by Eddie Rickenbacker and spread by the corporate press to the four corners of the nation and among our armed forces throughout the world."

Most of us are fairly well assured that this war produced a minimum of profiteering. Government taxation took pretty good care of excess profits, even though Whitney refuses to admit it.

Whitney, however, emphasizes the point that the railroads have never volunteered a wage increase, and when he says that every dime of added earnings the train operators have gained grew from union demands he is not far off the mark. Also, he is close to the mark when he gives the brotherhoods credit for enforcing safety measures upon the carriers. When he started railroading, the only way a freight train could be stopped was for brakemen to run along the tops of cars in all sorts of weather and pull on rusted hand brakes. Union demands were almost wholly responsible for the installation of air brakes on freight trains, and it is no exaggeration to say that the passengers owe much of their safety to the incessant campaign of the unions.

Whitney's accusations to the contrary, railroad men have done pretty well for wages since World War I. Rail wages are difficult to compute because of the complex system of calculating any trainman's pay. The eight-hour day, distance traveled on a given run, and train speed all enter into the final total for the bi-monthly pay check. But generally, members of the brotherhoods now receive about 30 per cent more than they did in 1922, and they work about 10 per cent fewer hours.

IN 1922 the average through-freight engineer earned $2,804, and $3,559 in 1944. This is not quite 30 per cent, but other branches, notably baggagemen, had higher pay adjustments which established the average. Also, the brotherhoods were largely responsible for the passage of the Railroad Retirement Act, a precursor of Social Security legislation.

They still receive benefits from this fund (provided by a 3-per-cent payroll contribution from the carriers) and do not carry the usual Social Security cards.

Contact between the brotherhoods and railroad management is simple on the surface but complex in fact. The local lodges have their organization based upon a single road or a big-city terminus. In theory, they negotiate independently with the management. In practice, they operate quite differently. For instance, there would be trouble if trainmen of the C. & N.W. local, operating out of Chicago, got a wage increase which made them wealthier than the trainmen of the Pere Marquette, which operates out of the same headquarters.

So, to avoid inequalities and internal strife, the unions and the railroads have divided the country into three main areas: Eastern, Southeastern, and Western. A local dispute in any of these areas becomes a general dispute for that area, with the final, arbitrated decision binding upon all hands.

It is something of a tribute to the brotherhood leaders that the railroad men ever got themselves into a union at all. For the railroad man is a highly independent citizen, refusing to be swayed by plausible oratory—even the oratory of his own elected leaders. And, unlike most other laboring men, he may look forward to being a railroad official himself. Nearly all railroad executives, from division superintendents to traffic managers, from general passenger agents to presidents, started their railroading on the trains. The industry is unique in that neither brains nor influence can take the place of experience.

IF a brakeman is an ambitious fellow, the presidency of his road is certainly not beyond his dreams. (My father earned forty dollars a month as a brakeman in 1905 and was a railroad official of considerable importance when he retired thirty years later.)

The men of the brotherhoods take their secret-ballot privilege seriously. They run their unions. Neither Whitney nor Johnston nor Robertson nor Fraser retains his leadership by power politics or the employment of goons. Certainly they are politicians.

But their policies must appeal to the minds of their followers, not to their fears.

It is difficult to name the specific amounts of monthly dues in the brotherhoods, because they are so closely linked with insurance and benefit plans. These plans grew out of necessity, when railroading was so hazardous an occupation no insurance company would write policies for railroad men. The insurance business of the brotherhoods is by no means a racket. It is protected by ample reserve funds and is subject to constant public audit. The weakness of the brotherhood insurance plans is that, no matter how long a man has paid premiums, when he ceases to be a member his insurance is invalid.

The B.R.T. has 1,016 local lodges scattered through the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland. Each member must pay twenty-five cents a month to the Grand Lodge, in addition to his insurance premiums. Beyond these assessments, each local lodge fixes its own dues.

The B.L.E., however, has fixed dues of two dollars a month for each of the actively engaged engineers within its membership of 78,000 in 928 local lodges. Men who are demoted to firing engines or other

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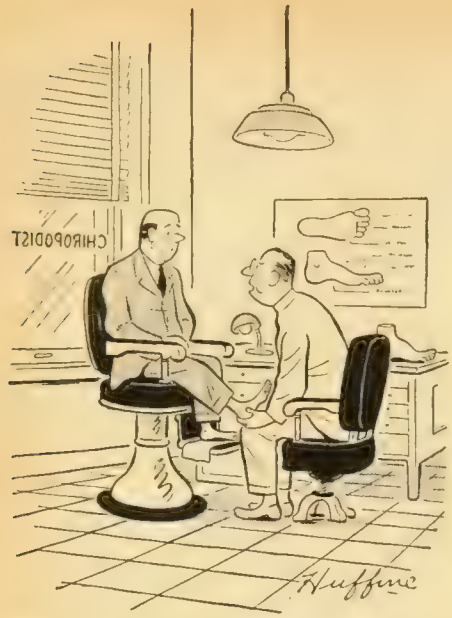

"Anybody ever tell you that you have too many toes, Mr. Brock?"
LIBERTY

lesser jobs pay correspondingly smaller fees.

The intellectual among the four brotherhood heads is David B. Robertson, president of the B. of L.F. & E. In the leadership of his 120,000 members, he is almost the exact opposite of Whitney, though Robertson, too, began his railroad career humbly, as an engine hostler in 1895 when he was nineteen. But he supplemented his meagre public school education with correspondence courses. He has been union president since 1922.

His union magazine, edited by Ray Scott, is a thoughtful and highly informative publication, and his own writings therein are sound and serious. Perhaps it is significant that Robertson's brotherhood is the only rail union which provided the writer with a financial report. The report, however, is devoted largely to insurance transactions of the brotherhood rather than strictly union transactions. But it does show that the total assets of the B. of L.F. & E. are $33,000,000 plus, nearly all in government bonds, and that the outstanding insurance policies among members total more than $85,000,000.

THE constitution establishes Robertson's salary at $15,000 annually. Aside from insurance premiums, which are generally lower than commercial rates, the average member pays $1.35 a month in dues to the Grand Lodge. He also pays assessments to the General Grievance Committee of from fifty cents to $3.50; such local lodge dues as may be voted by himself and other local members—generally about one dollar a month—and a legislative assessment which varies, with the states, from ten cents to about thirty-five cents.

Thus it costs on the average, about four dollars a month to belong to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen, aside from insurance premiums.

Regardless of such secrecy, railroad men did a sterling job in the war. With 500,000 fewer workmen than in World War I (this includes repair, yard, and servicing crews) and with about one third less equipment, they handled more than twice as much freight and passenger traffic. The average work week on the High Iron was greater than that in any other industry, and was attended with the extra hazard of maximum loads and high speeds with equipment which could be kept in repair only with the greatest difficulty. Train crews often worked two eight-hour shifts, seven days a week, for weeks at a time.

AS for the railroad corporations, they are probably in better financial condition today than in all their history. That is not to say they are bloated with riches. But at least the roads are not faced with bankruptcy, which was their plight as late as 1938. Then 50 per cent of their bonded indebtedness was in default, and 75 per cent of their outstanding stock was paying no dividends.

During the war, however, the Class 1 railroads, which are the key trunk lines of the country, earned big profits.

It is true that approximately 60 per cent of all their gross earnings went into pay envelopes, and that other large percentages went into taxes, rentals, fuel, and other costs. Still, they earned average yearly *net profits* of about $736,000,000 from 1941 to 1945.

In the face of these reports, the brotherhoods have listed forty-five separate demands ranging from a basic pay increase of 25 per cent to insistences upon working conditions such as sick leaves, promotions, eating and sleeping accommodations. The matter is now in arbitration with the railroad executives.

By the time that this article appears we may have settlement, threat of strike, or strike itself. Peaceful settlement seems the least likely of the three.

In any event, the four brotherhoods will stand together and bring the other seventeen rail unions into line.

There has never been a serious disagreement in brotherhood ranks, and jurisdictional disputes have been trivial. Whatever may ensue, the members still think of themselves as brothers in a lodge rather than names in a labor union. Most of these men are old native-born American stock. They are independent and fierce believers in democracy. They also believe that railroading is the only thing in the world that makes much sense. If it comes to the pinch, we might do worse than cite the proud motto of the Trainmen's Brotherhood, duly established by their constitution in 1890: "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry."

THE END

SUAVE DECEIVER

Continued from Page 13

gloves—white chamois gloves—during his card routine, and he still produces bunches of cards in the form of fans.

He was a casualty of the Second Battle of the Somme and, suffering from hysterical blindness and deafness, was invalided to a hospital in Southampton. After his sight and hearing returned, he demanded a deck of cards and a pair of white gloves. The psychiatrists raised their eyebrows. Here was a man suffering from the delusion that he was a magician in white gloves. He was transferred to a hospital for violent cases. Finally a sympathetic doctor gave him a deck of cards and a pair of gloves. He practiced all day.

Until he tried to learn the "force," he kept to himself while practicing. In the "force," the victim is asked to select a card, the magician invariably causing him to take the "right" one. To practice this, Pitchford chose a chap in his ward. The patient drew the ace of spades. Pitchford forced that card on the man five times. His victim became furious and tried to throttle the young magician. By the time the nurses intervened Cardini was blue in the face.

"I still don't do forcin' very well to this day," says Cardini. "It always brings back the scene in the 'ospital."

By now Cardini was convinced he was ready to become a professional magus. When the doctors pronounced him normal, he was shown a list of forty trades and occupations which the government would teach him. He said he did not see magician on the list, and nothing would suit him but to be a magician.

"So," sighs Cardini, "they shipped me back to the mental 'ospital."

IN 1919 he was finally discharged and given $400 in lieu of a trade-school course. He spent half of this on conjuring paraphernalia. He then changed his name to Valentine the Great and played small theaters in Wales. He averaged about twenty dollars a week, but worked only one week out of every four. One of his best tricks was borrowing a watch and chain, vanishing it, and then producing a rabbit around whose neck was the watch and chain.

He then went to London and for a year was a street entertainer, doing tricks and passing the hat. In 1921 he became a salesman and demonstrator in the magic department of Gamage's department store in London. This section of the store was known as Gamagic and stocked more tricks than any other shop in the world—35,000 different items. Cardini was fired when the manager overheard him advising prospective customers to learn sleight of hand instead of buying mechanical devices. He changed his name to Professor Thomas and gave lessons in

magic. "My pupils," recalls Cardini, "were retired colonels who wanted to be the life of the party. You couldn't learn 'em sleight of hand, as most of 'em had arthritis in the fingers."

He had discovered his own fingers were not biologically suited to conjuring. He has long slender bony fingers. A magician should have stubby fleshy ones. When Cardini holds his fingers together he has large "windows"—that is, spaces between the first joints. This makes it difficult for him secretively to palm an object.

In 1923 he tried his fortune in Australia, where he was a small-time act for two years. It was the custom in Australia to hold over an act for as many weeks as the actor could vary his presentation. So the first week he would do tricks with cards and billiard balls; the second, silks and cigarettes; the third, rabbit and dove productions and flags of all countries; and the fourth, Any Drink Called For. Cardini poured alcoholic drinks as fast as the audience could name them, but all from the same pitcher. (This ancient bit of conjuration has recently been revived in this country by Think-a-Drink Hoffman).

The fifth week he did a complicated routine with thimbles. A juggler made him a set of rhinestone thimbles, and one of the papers reported that Val Raymond—the name he was then using—had a set of diamond-studded thimbles. The day the story broke, Cardini was robbed—not only of the worthless thimbles but of his week's salary. The thimble story, however, caught the eye of a booking agent for the Tivoli circuit, which operated the best theaters in Australia, and Val was asked to demonstrate. The morning of the tryout, his apparatus failed to arrive. So he got stiff on Irish whisky and then ad libbed his way through thirty minutes of magic, using only cigarettes and a deck of cards. He was hired at $100 a week, and never used the props in his trunks again. The booker advised him to "get a name like Houdini." "Why not Cardini?" asked Cardini. And Cardini it was.

HE was a sensation in London in 1927 as the Suave Deceiver, which is still his billing. The same year the Orpheum circuit brought him to the Palace in New York. Later that year he married a Chicago hotel cashier and she joined the act as Swan Walker, the Chameleon Page. They have two children: Richard, Jr., and Carole.

Mrs. Cardini is still in the act. She is tiny, well proportioned, energetic, and Titian-haired. "I'm just Dick's hatrack," she says. "He hates magic tables, but he needs some place to put his top hat and cape. I'm the hatrack."

When they are on the road they live in a de luxe three-room trailer because they dislike hotels and restaurants. Their permanent home is in a ten-room brick house in Jamaica, Queens, New York.

Off the stage Cardini is a nervous uncertain personality who stammers slightly. He weighs less than 130 pounds. He has a bony undernourished face with a prominent aquiline nose, watery blue eyes, and an almost invisible line of brown mustache. There is nothing suave or polished about him. He likes to putter about the house in old clothes.

The basement of his home is fitted up as a workshop, for he manufactures his own billiard balls and repairs watches and electrical machines. Scattered throughout the house are many of his old tricks, including a metal ball which can float in the air, bunches of gaudily colored silk handkerchiefs, stacks of silver dollars used in the Miser's Dream, and a set of Chinese linking rings.

Cardini's rejoinder to the pests who ask him to do tricks after hours is, "The magicians' union won't let me."

There is no magicians' union. Cardini, however, is one of the founders and the first president (he still is) of the Magicians' Guild, which meets monthly at the Hotel McAlpin in New York. His only social activity is attending those meetings and discussing the best way of making a billiard ball appear from the elbow, or how to make four aces disappear from a deck and land in four different pockets of his suit.

IN speaking, Cardini affects a peculiar mixture of Welsh, cockney, and aristocratic Mayfair. He likes to make bad jokes in an English accent.

Unlike Robert Houdin, the great nineteenth-century French magician who said dexterity is a conjurer's greatest asset, Cardini believes that timing is more important. He says:

"If my glances or my body turns are off a split second, they'll catch me stealin' a cigarette or some cards. Timin' is somethin' you cawn't teach a person, y'know. It's just an instinct.

"When I'm workin' out there I try to convey the impression that I'm not doin' any conjurin' tricks. I think of myself as if I am drunk and surprised by what's going on. There is a certain rhythm and timin' which must be there. If the rhythm is lost, I am lost."

The insides of Cardini's fingers and his palms are burned and scarred from the thousands of lighted cigarettes he has handled. He has several times set his hair afire, and in a Kansas City theater a cigarette set his shirt aflame.

However, the smoke of cigarettes does not bother Cardini and he is in excellent health. Besides the cigarettes he puffs during his act, he smokes about fifteen or twenty a day for his own pleasure.

During an afternoon I spent at his home he smoked seven cigarettes which he borrowed from me. I did not make any cracks about what kind of magician was he anyway.

THE END

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JAN. 5, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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Editor

The modern leader of fighting men must be able to fight with air, land, and sea forces.

UNIFIED NATIONAL DEFENSE

SIMPLE logic demands that America's armed services be unified in a single department of national defense. Yet simple logic is often difficult to translate into practical application. So it is in this case.

At Pearl Harbor we suffered a great disaster largely because the command of our defense forces was divided. During the war, unity of command of a sort in the various theaters of operation was forced on us by the requirements of modern fighting. Land, sea, and air forces had to be directed by one man if success was to be achieved.

Despite the lessons of the war, however, there is much opposition to unification. While Army men in general want a single department of national defense, Navy people firmly oppose the idea. They fear their beloved service will become subordinated and neglected. This fear is shared by many members of Congress and by a goodly portion of the citizenry.

At least one point was made plain at the recent Congressional hearings on unification: It is evident a marriage of the services will be something in the nature of a shotgun wedding. Inasmuch as the men who currently make up the personnel of the two services will still be the personnel of the combined defense establishment, it is highly desirable that they enter into the new relationship with a right good will and with their forebodings removed.

Thus our problem is twofold: We must translate the logic which calls for a unified defense establishment into actual practice, and in so doing we must find a way to reassure the reluctant sailormen and gain their approval. It will help if, while unifying now, we at the same time present the long-range view.

The modern leader of fighting men must be well versed in the uses of all means of exerting military power. He must be trained in the co-ordinate operation of land, air, and sea forces. If we now had such men in places of power in our military establishments, there would be no argument whatever about unified defense. Concurrent with the paper work of putting the War and Navy Departments together in Washington, we should establish immediately a system of retraining officers in combined operations. At the same time our present military and naval academies should be transformed into comprehensive colleges of defense with their curricula readjusted so that young men will come out well-rounded warriors, able to fight in modern style with air, land, and sea forces.

Once we are well headed in this direction, the argument will be over. Our future commanders will be neither generals, admirals, nor aviators, but a combination of all three, trained to use each arm for the work it can do best. There will be no danger of favoring one at the expense of the others. Meanwhile, the present unification plan, which provides for coequal land, sea, and air forces, is the first big step in doing away with obsolete methods. But we will not have discarded the obsolete entirely until our men are trained to command and fight in three elements.

Paul Hunter

What's your vote on Pacific bases?

1800. Sailors in the China trade who first sighted islands of the far Pacific early in the nineteenth century (shortly before Canadians "discovered" the name Corby's) never imagined that these pin points of land were destined to become objects of controversy in the U. S. A.

1880. Early Pacific traders found friendly natives leading a nearly ideal existence. Copra was their chief export, and island life inspired the book "Treasure Island," written in 1880, when Corby's had been a well-known Canadian whiskey name for 22 years.

1934. Given to Japs after World War I, some islands became Nip bases. Other peoples were excluded. A few U. S. islands like Guam and Wake became bases for trans-Pacific air lines in 1934. By then Corby's had been a renowned Canadian name for 61 years.

1946. With most of the Pacific under U. S. control, some say keeping the islands is contrary to earlier pledges. Others insist we need the island bases whose names are now forever famous. No matter what side you're on, you'll find another name getting more and more fame —Corby's. Brought here from Canada the name Corby's is today your guide to a light, sociable and palatable whiskey. Ask for Corby's in your bar or store.

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING!

WHATEVER your toast for '46 . . . you'll enjoy it more with SCHENLEY Reserve. Its satisfying flavor . . . rich and mellow . . . makes SCHENLEY Reserve the *right* whiskey for the New Year.

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

SCHENLEY *Reserve*

BEST RESOLUTION FOR THE NEW YEAR—BUY and HOLD VICTORY BONDS!